



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

A KNOWLEDGE of values is what distinguishes the sensible and well-bred person from the erratic and ill-trained mass of humanity. To know what a thing is worth is sufficient to keep us from pursuing anything to our own detriment and the probable disaster of others. When the nineteen-year-old lad shot the seventeen-year-old girl and killed himself at Orangeville on Dominion Day, he did it because he thought she was all the world to him and that he was about to lose her. He made a wrong estimate of the value or necessity of any woman to any man, and he was also mistaken in the value of his experience and judgment. If he had been a sensible, well-bred young fellow, he would have said to himself, "There are hundreds of thousands of young women in this country; if I can't get this one I can surely get some other later on who will make me quite as happy," or, if he had been a really sentimental lover, instead of a fool and a cad, he might have said to himself, "If I cannot get her I can live on the memory of my love of her and try to make her happy with someone else." Of course he was a cad and a fool, no matter how foolish young people who read the newspapers may admire the apparent intensity of his passion. Yet if we subject ourselves to the same rule of "values," the vast majority of us will discover how far we fall short of the standard of being sensible and well-bred.

Some people over-estimate the value of money, and every sacrifice is made to obtain it. When obtained, the newly rich almost invariably show their vulgarity by an undue display of their wealth. To well-bred people this is traditionally the most objectionable thing which could be done, and the difficulty of the purse-proud in obtaining social recognition is too well-known to be commented upon. There were many young fellows who left Canada to go to South Africa, who left wives and dependent relatives to be cared for by the public. They failed to understand the value of warlike glory, but when they come home they will find this out.

If you think it over, you will find probably a dozen men of your acquaintance who over-estimated the value of political prominence and ruined their health and fortunes in the pursuit or retention of a seat in Parliament. On a smaller scale are the men who become ward workers and heelers and hack editors, in the hope of a place in the civil service which will be a small but, secure permanency. There could be scarcely anything less valuable.

What does the woman know of "values" who spends an undue share of her husband's earnings in giving five o'clock teas, and dinner parties, and wearing fine gowns? Her neighbors know it, and the people she aspires to mix with know it, and if they are sensible and well-bred they apply to her the rule that as she does not understand values she would be an unsafe addition to their set. Married men and married women who think the world well lost for someone they should have promptly avoided as soon as they felt the stirring of an illicit passion, do not understand what the thing is worth, and consequently they are deemed unsafe as soon as they are found out. The gambler who will risk what he cannot afford to lose, the speculator who does the same, and all those who are playing for anything in life which, if they get it, would be useless to them, are no different.

The old fellow's saying that "there hain't nuthin' in nuthin'," and the motto of that greatest of cranks, George Francis Train, "Everything is worth having, but nothing is worth worrying about," are both true. Life itself is as worthless as any pursuit in it, because it is only valuable to those who know how to live. The soldier who turns his back to the foe to save his life creates a condition of things which makes continued existence a disgrace and a discomfort. Everyone who turns his or her back upon the correct standards which good sense and good breeding—good breeding is not meant in any snobbish sense, but with reference to the fortunate circumstances which surround generations of people with good counsels and wholesome restraints, which have been crystallized into what are known as conventionalities—have set, does something which makes so many phases of life worthless that suicide seems a more sensible procedure.

There is this other phase of it, and that is the one which influenced the boy who shot the girl he thought was everything to him, and then killed himself: Life being a brief and unsatisfactory thing at best, he decided that he would end it. This part of the tragedy is, to a certain extent, defensible. When he shot her, however, he displayed that intense and malignant selfishness which showed his true character. He was like many other people who are quick to determine that if they cannot possess some coveted object nobody else shall have it. This is so dastardly that one would think that no one living on the same system, even in a more sane manner, could be acceptable either socially or religiously, or in any other sort of a way. Yet we could fill the biggest hall in Toronto with people who, when they fail to get what they want, proceed to destroy those who did get it, and who, perhaps, cared very much less to have it. There are many men who fail to get rich who would destroy the rich man and all his possessions, no matter how fairly they were obtained or how generously they are used.

There are many people in churches who envy the popularity of others, and who are every day trying to whisper away the reputations of those they envy—a much more dastardly thing than using a pistol to kill an enemy. In politics, men who cannot get a thing frequently proceed at once to destroy their successful opponents, and the subject need not be followed further to see that the boy who suicided at Orangeville is not the only one who fails to understand values and is properly assigned to the list of suicides and assassins.

Speaking of the supposedly sensible and well-bred people who do much to fix the conventionalities for the majority and are in that social swim so much sought after and so worthless, think for a moment of the large number of heirs to some of the greatest estates, and the possessors of some of the proudest names in England, who went to South Africa and died there or are ready to be buried on a battlefield! Does it not look as if those who understand values best find that there is not much in it even when possessing everything that the world seems able to provide? They value neither life, comfort, wealth, titles, nor social dominance. Why, then, should we be tiring ourselves and wearying other people trying to get those things, the possessors of which hold so lightly?

REVEREND FATHER RYAN, from the pulpit of St. Michael's Cathedral, last Sunday, demanded an apology from Rev. Dr. Milligan, of Old St. Andrew's, for having declared on the previous Sunday that the Roman Catholics worship colored lights in the church in which he was speaking. Father Ryan's demand for a retraction was couched in moderate language, considering the provocation, and Dr. Milligan should have paid some attention to the charge that he has been guilty of "ignorant and vulgar calumny." Several Protestants who heard the sermon have told me that Dr. Milligan was correctly reported, and the majority of those present must have known that the charge was untrue. Father Ryan expressed no desire to go into a

theological discussion, but insisted that Dr. Milligan should be held to prove his facts or apologize and withdraw the statement. Certainly the maker of the charge cannot prove its truth, and it is idle and un-Christian for him to say that he is too busy preparing to go for his summer vacation, to give an interview to reporters or to pay any attention to Father Ryan's challenge. No matter what we may think about the surroundings of Roman Catholic altars, or how we may differ from our neighbors as to forms of worship, no one has a right to make a statement and refuse to either endeavor to prove it, or withdraw it and make an apology. I have heard many violent attacks upon the Protestant religion in Catholic churches, and I always thought them unmannerly, unprofitable, and liable to breed ill-feeling. I have heard many attacks upon the Catholic religion in Protestant churches, which I also considered ill-mannered, unjustifiable, and likely to breed discord. One does not justify the other. Both are liable to bring religion into contempt. We will all be better off when this sort of thing is stopped, and the best way to stop it is for the united press and people to insist upon proof or an apology in the present instance, and by protest—both public and private—to censure any priest or pastor who fails to mind his own business. By the violence of their attitude on the Sunday street car question, a number of reverend gentlemen in this city practically put themselves out of business in municipal matters and with regard to the government of the community generally. By their violent attacks upon one another, clergymen should know that they are driving the

that his sense of justice and his piety, and his ability as an administrator, are making him so popular, but I regret to know that his health is so poor that it is feared that before many years the archdiocese will be seeking for his successor.

THE horrible situation in China is another proof that those who do not mind their own business, but who either diplomatically or obtrusively thrust themselves into foreign countries, take great chances. I read with an equanimity which would probably be appalling to some others, of the death of missionaries and foreign legations who are continually embroiling themselves with the Government of the country in which they live. If a man or a woman selects that sort of a life, he or she must keep in view that sort of a fate.

THE burning of a large number of people at Hoboken is a different affair. In their own country they trusted themselves to the arrangements made by foreign steamship companies. These arrangements were flimsy and inflammable. The people perished. The number has not yet been arrived at. This is hard, because it happened at home, or at least it happened at home to those who either belonged to the ships or had taken passage thereon. They were minding their own business, but were caught in one of those terrible conflagrations which originally result from the criminal carelessness of some one person, but as a basic fact from the corporate meanness of some company. The

of the experience of the small town of Beattie, where a woman was elected Mayor on the "dry" ticket. There was only one saloon in town, and she closed it, with the result that bad liquor was purchasable at the drug-store at two dollars a pint. But the town did not like the "hen-mayor's" methods or the drug-store liquor. The Swedish farmers, who had been used to come to Beattie to trade, were wont to have a glass of beer and a game of billiards before returning to their lonely farms, and these indulgences being denied them, their trade fell off and sought other channels. The result was that Beattie's business men, next election, followed their interests, as business men the world over will do, to the turning down of the "dry" regime. A man was elected mayor whose platform was the licensing of one or two saloons at \$300 each, and a billiard hall; all to be closed on Sundays. So Beattie, under an alleged prohibition law, got practically high license. A few saloons are allowed, their owners paying a monthly fine in the police court, which amounts to a fixed license.

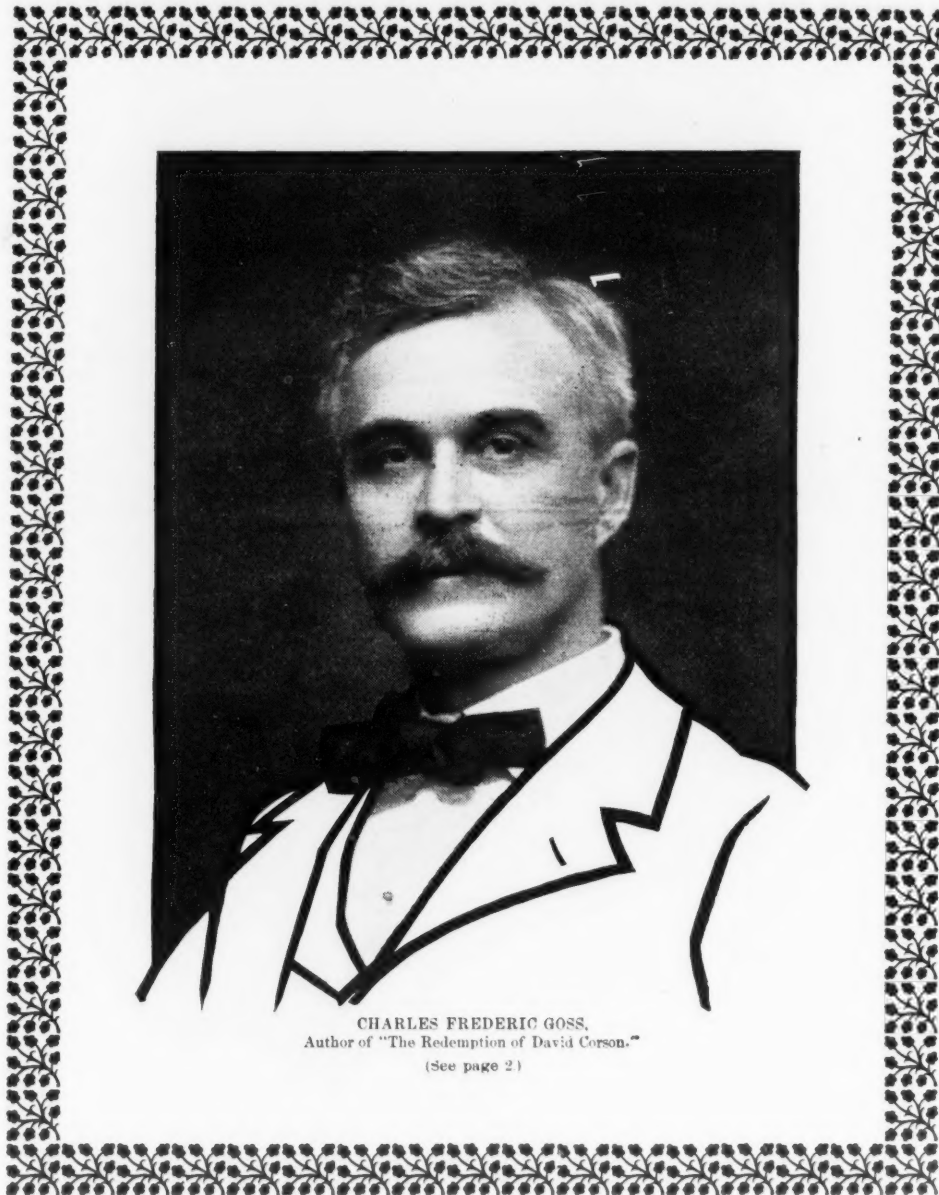
Such experiences as the above of the practical working of prohibition over a wide territory, with a varied population, are interesting to Canadians at the present time, in view of the experiment in Manitoba, which is not dissimilar to Kansas. Many of the brethren in Canada now look towards Provincial prohibition as the solution of their troubles and the end of tribulation. All the provinces which gave a majority of yeas in the plebiscite are to be transmogrified by local enactment. Quebec alone is to be left in outer darkness. The prohibitionists, like the Bourbons, never learn. If they did, such an example as that of Kansas would deter them from wasting wind and sleep over a scheme that is not likely to be entertained by legislators and that, even if crystallized into law, would promote nothing but the cause of bad whiskey sold in drug-stores and dives.

ON page 2 there is a letter with regard to the labor situation in British Columbia. Coming back to Canada after spending several years in the United States, I think I was among the first to bring this matter into consideration. Hon. Edward Blake, who was then leader of the Opposition, had a great objection to becoming identified with any anti-Chinese movement, and personally I had the ill-fortune to fall out with him on this particular question. I have the same views that I held eighteen or twenty years ago, and I think the Liberal party will make a very great mistake if they do not protect the Pacific coast from the yellow people who are keeping industrious men and women from settling where these "Chinamen" do the work and add nothing to the population nor the wealth, inasmuch as, alive or dead, they go back to the Flowery Kingdom after a few years of toil. They can never be a large and prosperous Anglo-Saxon population while the Chinamen are there, and the Chinamen will always be there until they are forbidden to come. To make British Columbia an Anglo-Saxon province it is necessary to forbid the entrance of Chinamen and Japs. The barring out of these people may make a little trouble in the labor market for a few months, and in diplomacy for a few weeks, but this difficulty must be overcome, otherwise British Columbia will simply be a preserve for those who will never make it a province, but will carry away their earnings and leave it to be, as it is now, the joint of white and yellow miners and misanthropic bachelors, who, having, like the mule, neither ancestors nor hope of posterity, cannot be relied upon to work for anything but the present moment.

THE women of Aymer, Quebec, who wanted to make an Indian charged with murder the lion of a garden party, have capped the climax in the nonsensical and immoral delirium of criminals to which weak-minded sentimentalists, particularly those of the female sex, seem forever prone. We have had many a case of silly gush over the sufferings of murderers in Toronto, but a murderer at a garden party is an innovation which no one here would ever have thought of. Now that the bright minds of Aymer's benevolently disposed ladies have hit upon such an inspiring scheme, the fashion may spread, and we should perhaps be honored with the presence of bank robbers at soirees and chain gangs at charity bazaars, were the strong arm of Canadian law not as hard to relax as it is, once it gets its grip around a suspected or convicted offender.

IT is in face of the casualty returns that one comes to a realizing sense of what war really is. The last return from South Africa shows that the total British losses, exclusive of sick and wounded, have been 29,460, and deducting from this number the number of missing and prisoners, and of those invalided home, we find that 7,494 lives, each more or less useful and precious, have been offered up by the British Empire in order that the reign of corruption and oppression in South Africa may cease. This is not a big "butcher's bill" as wars go, but it is, nevertheless, appalling when one stops to think over it. If there is one thing that ought to tone down the military spirit it is the casting up of the cost after the momentary enthusiasm of conflict has subsided. It is easy for those who stay at home to smoothly canvass the strength and limitations of their country as a war power, but if we always stopped to consider that even a small war means death in its most terrible aspects to thousands who do not deserve to be cut off any more than those who are doing the flag-waving far from the front, we would be more careful how we cultivate in the younger generation the spirit that glorifies war. It is to be remembered, of course, that conflicts are not always the result of a nation's choosing, but may be forced on by circumstances that no one can control. One of the terrible convictions that comes from a study of history is that wars, like so much else in the human drama, usually seem to partake of the nature of the inevitable. Take both South Africa and China. Perhaps trouble could have been avoided in both those countries. It is easy to say so now, for it is always easy to be wise after the event. But circumstances the results of which we do not see till it is too late to turn back, are at the bottom of the great troubles that perplex the human family. It is to be hoped that we are not about to pay an even heavier score in China than we have paid in Africa on account of a line of development which no single nation or no single generation of men has had the power to control.

EVERY day or two somebody gets a fractured arm or is ground under the wheels from attempting to get on or off a moving street car. The accident on Queen street west last Saturday night seems to have been a case where undue hurry on the part of a passenger led to a mishap which may blight his whole future and that of his family. In the anxiety not to lose five minutes, a man came near losing his life, and, at the least, will lose several weeks or months, stretched on a bed of pain. Half the accidents that occur on street-car or railway lines are due to the carelessness or haste of those who get hurt. People seem to put a higher value on their time now that distances can be covered in hours and minutes which used to consume weeks or days, and instead of giving us more leisure and less hurry, every increase in the facilities for getting about has



CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS,
Author of "The Redemption of David Corson."
(See page 2)

people away from religion entirely. The world has advanced to a point where the people believe that any religion is better than none, and that a man is more likely to have some remnant of religion left in him if he keeps away from the sound of priests and pastors who are bedevilling one another's creeds.

REVEREND FATHER BERGIN, speaking in the Catholic church at Weston last Sunday, told his people that hereafter there were to be no picnics held under Roman Catholic auspices. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor having forbidden them. He expressed himself as heartily in agreement with his ecclesiastical superior, as in the past the Church had been prodigal of its picnics, to which Protestants were asked to subscribe, and which they were invited to attend. This the Protestants did, with great liberality, yet, as Father Bergin remarked, when Protestants had picnics the Catholics neither subscribed nor attended. This is quite true. It was not a self-respecting attitude for Roman Catholics to assume. Many a church has been built in Ontario for our Catholic friends largely by the contributions of Protestants raised at picnics and bazaars, and that sort of thing. Moreover, the picnic business is apt to lead to rather questionable performances, which certainly justifies Archbishop O'Connor in forbidding them to wear the name "Roman Catholic." The Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, according to the recent order, cannot hold a picnic or demonstration, nor can any organization parade itself in picnic form as an annex of the Roman Catholic Church. The Ladies' Sodality of the Roman Catholic Church, if it holds a picnic, must have no men at it. Archbishop O'Connor is a stern disciplinarian, but certainly those of us who have watched with other than Roman Catholic eyes the picnics organized, apparently, under Roman Catholic auspices, cannot but declare that the order is one that is both prudent and Christian, inasmuch as it does not forbid picnics, but does prohibit the use of the name of the historic Church in connection with the selling of canes and cakes—and occasionally of strong drink—as if such performances were a part of the creed.

Speaking of Archbishop O'Connor, I am glad to hear

wharves should not have been built in the way they were, but we learn these things after the fact rather than before the trouble begins. Once learned, it will probably result in stone wharves, but to the poor, agonized creatures who shrieked from port-holes and perished in the flames this is small satisfaction. To die is a simple thing, but to be tortured is the nearest realization of hell of which the human mind is capable.

TALKING about hell, the suffering of the hundreds who were enveloped by the smoke and flames and heat of the Hoboken fire, could be nothing to the everlasting punishment which was once preached by ministers who thought they could scare people into being good. The human frame can only stand so much suffering, but it may last so long that reason may give way. Having the torture of fire for an hour, or for two or ten hours, is something awful, but to have this for countless, limitless, endless cycles of ages is the belief of those who believe in eternal damnation. The incident is one which will never be forgotten by either those who read of it or participated in it. Surely there is not any one of them who would believe in a God of Mercy who would institute an eternal hell, after they once understand what a fiery hell for fifteen minutes means.

IF prohibitionists are capable of learning a lesson, there is one for them in the recent experiences of Kansas. It has been decided by the federal courts that agents from other States may take orders there for liquor. The right to do so is held to be incidental to freedom of commerce between all parts of the Union guaranteed by the Constitution, and the decision is another blow to the effectiveness of a law which, while pretending to abolish the sale of liquor in an entire State, has in practice never amounted to more than local option. According to the Topeka correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," the prohibition law has never been enforced in the larger towns of Kansas, except Topeka. In smaller towns, the law is enforced where the people favor it, but cannot be enforced where public opinion does not back it up. The story is told

the opposite effect. Of course, a great deal of the bustle with which we do things is unnecessary. Men and women race for cars, to whom a five or ten minutes' wait would signify nothing, and it is a wonder more do not get hurt. Probably it would pay us all better to take things more quietly, for what shall it profit a man if he save a few seconds and lose a leg or his nerves in the mad rush to do everything in the least possible time?

THE death of Hon. A. R. Dickey, a graduate of Toronto University, and one of the most popular members of the late Canadian Government, will be the cause of sorrow to everyone who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. His introduction into public life was welcomed by everyone who had any high ideals or regard for a clean and public-spirited man. While he was in public life he was respected by all, and his ability and gentlemanly bearing, and his refined method of address both in public and private, were held up as the standard of what the young man should be who had either a university record in the past, or has a political future before him. Canada cannot afford to lose a good man, and much less can it afford to fail to express its regret when, under such unfortunate circumstances, one of the finest specimens of Canadian manhood passes away.

NO doctor, it is said, who allows himself to be called "Doc" will ever be a great or successful physician. No doubt the familiarity which gives rise to the use of a nickname is engendered by the habits and carriage of the man who is called "Doc," or "Bill," or "Jim," by the general public. A solemn face and a ponderous manner are by no means a guarantee of wisdom, yet they cut a considerable figure with the general public and create confidence in many instances when able men are overlooked. Remembering this, it is hardly fair for newspapers to belittle men to whom they are opposed and with whose manners and personal merits they are probably unacquainted, by using nicknames and jeering epithets even as a joke. Hon. Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia, in the hurry of sending out the contingents may have made an error with regard to the emergency rations, but his mistake was trivial as compared with the frightful lapses of the British War Office, where trained men of many years of experience were in charge. Dr. Borden is said to be not only an amiable but a dignified and highly respected man, and the "Evening Telegram's" jeering nickname of Hon. "Doc" Borden conveys a very misleading and unfair notion of the one to whom it is applied.

It is admitted by the British War Office that the hospital and ambulance arrangements for the South African campaign were frightfully inefficient, and officers of high standing and undoubted veracity state that the shoes supplied by the British contractors went to pieces after a single day's march. Considering the circumstances, the way that our contingents were hurriedly got together, equipped and transported to the seat of war, reflects so much credit on our limited and inexperienced little War Office that small blunders should not be made too much of.

REFERRING to the relations between the United States and Canada, the "Globe," in reviewing an essay of Mr. John Charlton, M.P., published in a Yankee magazine, "The Forum," says: "At no time has Canadian loyalty to the mother land been more fervent, and at no time has Canadian sentiment been more friendly toward the great English-speaking republic."

This is incorrect. At no time has Canada had less use, sentimentally, for the United States than now. This sort of talk in the "Globe" or any other paper is sure to result in a demonstration which will prove that Canada dislikes the United States without fearing that country. It only requires a foolish return to tariff-talk between the Liberal party and the administration of the United States to bring the latent sentiment of Ontario at least into a blaze which will be both inconvenient and unhappy.

In the main, Mr. Charlton's statistics prove nothing except that Canada is receiving very bad treatment from the United States. His chief statistics I have published two or three times as my own, though not with regard to the same years, proving that the Spanish-American trade is of less value to the United States than that of Canada. Mr. Charlton's statistics showing that Canada, in its very large importations from the United States, is not bringing in crude material principally may be flattering to the United States, but it is discouraging to Canada. Some of us had an idea that we were chiefly importing crude stuff from the United States which was later manufactured in Canada and either consumed here or re-exported. Our importations of manufactures from Great Britain in 1899, according to his essay, were exceeded by our importations from the United States of manufactured goods, by \$11,500,000, and of the total importations received from them he proudly tells the United States, \$13,202,000 was on the free list.

Mr. Charlton's article and the "Globe's" comment on it are certainly not good literature for the Liberal party of Canada, unless its policy is likely to undertake an immediate and radical change. It proves, if it proves anything, that Canada should raise her tariff on manufactured goods to the exact point at which the tariff of the United States comes in conflict with ours. Having done this, our preferential tariff, as it affects Great Britain and the Canadian manufacturer, would find its proper level, and it would be a tariff which could not interfere with anyone except the consumer. The consumer's relief in this matter has been permanently found in the United States, and in Canada as well, in competition, except in instances where trusts have been organized. It now seems a question whether tariffs create trusts or trusts create tariffs. It seems obvious to us that those who propose to create trusts, create tariffs, and that the makers of tariffs and the makers of trusts are more or less identical. Trusts alike afflict Canada and the United States, Canada being simply an imitator of the greatest organizer of trade empires that the world ever knew. In both instances great industrial trusts have been failures as far as the small subscriber of stock is concerned, but great successes as far as the promoters of the concerns have had to do with attempts to create a monopoly. There are variations which, as far as a tariff is concerned, are important, but which, as affecting a policy, are unimportant. The conditions of the two countries are very much the same. The bookkeeper of the United States and the man who presents a statement to the people of Canada are men who appeal to a clientele which is almost identical. The policy of Canada has given to the United States an enormous benefit. In the dealings between the two countries Canada has bought a great many millions more than she has sold, and of course the United States, on the other hand, has sold a great many millions more than she has bought. It is true the United States has about seventy millions to our six millions of population, and it becomes a question whether the United States has not got the seventy millions largely because of its policy, and Canada has lacked its proportion of population, with climatic conditions considered, to some extent, on account of its policy. When Mr. John Charlton, M.P., proceeds to write an article showing that Canada has been so good to the United States and the United States has been so bad to Canada, he does the very last thing that a politician should do, for he should be arguing that in every point, and to the greatest possible extent, we should be protecting ourselves rather than favoring a neighbor. The line fence between Canada and the United States is an indistinct one, but the difference between the policies of the two countries is very distinct. The best half of the United States has no climatic advantages over Canada, and yet in population and in prosperity we seem to be willing to await a time when our neighbors have had sufficient, and are, in fact, over-fed, before we sit down to dine. This is the logical conclusion of the "Globe's" review of Mr. Charlton's idea of how the international relations between Canada and the United States should be conducted, if they are to be bettered.

Mrs. George Macdonald goes down on Monday to Bowmanville to stay with her sister, Mrs. Carveth.

Social and Personal.

THE terrific storm of wind and dust interfered somewhat with the enjoyment of the goodly company who journeyed out to the camp of the Governor-General's Body Guards on Friday of last week, on the invitation of Colonel Clarence Denison, to witness the regimental sports. However, there was, beside the sports in clouds of dust, a very cordial welcome from the colonel, his smart young soldier son, and Mrs. Denison, not to mention those who are left in Canada of the officers. And, by the way, I have lately been told by a correspondent that one of our absentees, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, has, all through the campaign in South Africa, been showing the good old spirit of his soldier forebears, and winning the praise and admiration of his superiors and the regard of his men. The Body Guard won't do a thing to him, when they welcome him home. On Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn were out at the camp, and among other guests were Mrs. G. W. Ross, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Peters, Major and Mrs. Young, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Forester, Colonel Mason, Lady Meredith and Mrs. Ramsay, Dr. and Mrs. Nattress, Mr. J. G. Mrs. and Miss Macdonald, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Irving Cameron (who, by the way, may well be proud of her fine-looking son, an officer in this corps), Mrs. Catermole, Miss Enid Wornum, Colonel Grasset, Major and Mrs. Pellatt, Dr. David and Miss Smith, Mrs. and Miss Jennings, Captain Colin Harbottle, Dr. and Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Alfred Wright and Miss Nicoll, Mr. and the Misses Sloan, and very many others.

Sincere sympathy goes to Mrs. Gibson, of Rusholme road, and her daughters, in the very sad and sudden death of Mr. Joe Gibson, at the Humber last Sunday. Mr. Gibson appears to have been seized with heart failure, and fell into the water from his canoe. His death was not caused by drowning. The deceased young man was an official of the Dominion Bank, and devoted to his mother and sisters. It has been a sad blow to them to lose him.

Mrs. Krell has spent a fortnight at Niagara-on-the-Lake, a guest at the Queen's Royal. Her sister, Miss Margaret Thompson, and her niece, Miss Jean Milne, two charming girls who are visiting Mrs. Robert Smith, went over on the holiday, to see Niagara Falls, with Mrs. Krell. Needless to state, they greatly enjoyed the outing. At Mrs. Pellatt's garden party, Mrs. Smith chaperoned the two handsome visitors, and any amount of attention was paid them. I hear that Miss Jean Milne is an excellent musician.

The children of the city have much enjoyed the story of little Eva, which has been the free show at Hanlan's this and last week. Considering the disadvantages of being obliged to play in an open-air theater, with an easily distracted audience, the cast of Uncle Tom's Cabin has put the old play on very creditably. The very great improvements made at Hanlan's Point by the Ferry Company, which have cost a mint of money, have resulted in the provision of a fine recreation spot for the city's thousands of all-the-year-round residents. Hotel Hanlan has been much done over and brightened up, and under the new management should be a very pleasant place in which to spend the hot weeks of July and August. Nature is improving, the pretty grounds, and the shrubs and hedges are looking very nice and growing finely. Several cosy dinners have been given, a farewell one to Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogert last week by Mr. Hammond among the number.

Miss D'Espard, of Picton, is visiting Mrs. Charles Fuller, of Dunbar road, Rosedale. Miss D'Espard and her hostesses, mother and daughters, were much admired at Cliffside on Saturday, where the visitor enjoyed to the utmost the charming garden party given by Mrs. Pellatt.

"The woods are full of them," laughed the travelling man, as the closed carriage, decorated with an unsuspected white slipper, drove up to the railway station. And so are the Pullman cars, and the palace steamers, and the summer hotels, full of them, for June weddings mean July honeymoons, which cannot all be spent in the woods.

"A society woman" asks me to tell her some books to take away with her on her camping trip of ten days. Well, Marie Corelli has made a new departure, consequent, no doubt, upon her English residence, and her new book, *Boy*, with its Battle of Colenso denouement, may touch the right spot, if the society woman has anyone at the front. David Corson is by far the best book I've read this week. James Lane Allen has also given us a new book, touching deeper and more resonant strings than his former exquisitely poetical things, "The Reign of Law," and the loves of Gabriella and David, deal with strenuous feelings and the religious crisis which the young men of this season's books all seem to be up against. Its setting is cold and bleak in Kentucky's hemp fields after the war. In each of these books is a real woman too, and each of the women is entirely different from the other, but all are splendid types.

Dominion Day was remembered by at least two Canadians at present living in the United States, and who have friends here and in Ottawa. Mr. Muir, formerly of the Ontario Bank here, and Mr. Norman Stewart, of Ottawa, both of whom are in Pittsburgh, Pa., celebrated the day loyally. Letters to friends here tell of a Dominion Day dinner enjoyed together, accompanied by maple leaves, the good old flag, and other suitable accessories, one of which was a specially prepared toast programme, which I fancy would be interesting to more than one fair lady in Canada as an indication they were remembered in more than a general way.

Mrs. Creelman, who, while not quite recovered, took cold at Varsity tea, underwent a successful operation on Monday. It is hoped she will soon be better, for good people are scarce, and her large circle of friends think they would be one scarcer if she were away. Mrs. Harry Alley and her children are going to Collingwood for the summer, where, by the way, summer and other sojourners will much miss Mrs. Creelman. The Breakers is maison fermee.

On a recent Thursday, a few prominent and kindly women were assembled at Iver House, the guests of Mrs. Wm. Boulton, to talk over the need of local hospitals for consumptives. Gravenhurst is good, but local hospitals would catch many a case in time, where the isolation of a distant hospital would cause a postponement of accepting treatment. Gravenhurst, in fact, could not hold a tenth of the cases now urgently demanding treatment. Dr. Eby, president of the League, gave the ladies much interesting information in an informal address. After an interesting discussion and a delicious little tea, served in the artichoke hall, the gathering dispersed. It is from such little unobtrusive meetings that our most important blessings sometimes spring.

Miss Enid Wornum left for Stratford this week to spend the summer. Miss Wornum formerly resided in the pretty town by the Avon.

On Wednesday evening, a merry company of the young friends of Miss Edith Coady spent a most enjoyable time at her home in Huron street. The City Treasurer and Mrs. Coady entered into the fun of the young folks and made them all feel at home.

Rev. E. S. Rowe, who was secretary of the Toronto Methodist Conference, and recently left to become pastor of the Methodist church in Victoria, B.C., has written to a friend that as yet he has had no symptoms of homesickness, and the journey to the western coast was one long delight.

Of his new charge, he says: "The people are cordial and kind, the church large and beautiful." The people of Victoria have, without doubt, obtained one of the cleverest men from this Conference, and his sympathies are so large and his mind so broad that he ought to be immensely popular in the West.

The Premier is enjoying very much a visit to Dansville. Mr. Ross has gone there for several summers, and found great benefit. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy went on his recommendation, and Mr. Hardy was also greatly benefited. Mr. Ross will not be back for another week or two.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross is with her son, Mr. Hugo Ross, at No. 7 Queen's Park, for some weeks' visit.

Mrs. Carveth and Miss Aileen Carveth have gone to Bowmanville for the summer, where Mrs. Carveth has taken a cottage on the lake shore. Mr. R. Butchart has returned from a vacation trip to New York and the Berkshire Hills.

A lovely, bright, cool day was last Saturday, and many persons betook themselves to far eastern King street to rendezvous at "Cliffside." Major and Mrs. Harry Pellatt's beautiful country seat, where a garden party was in progress. Mrs. Pellatt received her guests on a Persian rug, spread on the lawn east of the house, and on the west side the gallant major was a host to be proud of, and there the huge marquee was raised, and under it was spread a bounteous buffet admirably served by Webb. The Q.O.R. band played on the lake side, and later on came up to the lawn and finished their excellent programme. At the close of the party the flag was hauled down for the night, and Mrs. Bruce, wife of Colonel Bruce of the Royal Grenadiers, fired the sunset gun. A crowd of fashionable folks were at this tea. Among other guests, I noticed Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks, Colonel Peters, Major and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. James Burnham, Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan (the bride and groom), Canon Cayley, Professor and Mrs. William Clark, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith and their charming guests, Miss Thompson and Miss Milne, Mr. and Mrs. Headley Bond, Mrs. Charles Fuller, the Misses Fuller, Miss D'Espard, Mrs. Francis, Professor and Miss Hirschfelder, Dr. and Miss Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. James Tower Boyd, Mr. Shanley, Major and Mrs. Greville Harston, Colonel Mutton, Mrs. Morphy of Oshawa, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Perrin, Captain Wyatt, Mr. and the Misses Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather, Mr. S. H. Jones, the Misses Jones, Miss Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Julius P. Miles, Miss Massey, Miss Wilkes and Mrs. Beatty.

The Yellow Danger.

To the Editor of "Saturday Night":

Dear Sir,—In your issue of June 2, you dealt at some length, and in an interesting manner, with the negro problem of the Southern States. I agree with you in your expressions of sympathy for the white people of the troubled South; and again in your conclusion that the negro problem presents a perplexing situation which seems destined to remain unsolved.

We, however, in British Columbia at least, have troubles of our own. The influx of Asiatic coolies to our western shores is assuming alarming proportions, and, regarding you as one of the foremost thinkers of our country, I appeal to you as a patriotic Canadian to sound a note of warning to the people of the eastern provinces, that they may know the disastrous results that follow in the train of the great hordes of brown men who to-day are swarming over the hills and valleys of the fair province of British Columbia.

What though this most undesirable immigration may be attributed to pusillanimous and unscrupulous white men, do you, the people of Ontario, realize the terrible quandary that is falling to the lot of the working man and the working woman on the Pacific Coast; or, knowing, do you refuse to sympathize with the burdens which many in the Far West have had to bear? What concerns the welfare of these, is, or should be, a concern of every white man in Canada, and will ultimately become a matter of anxious moment to all the white people of North America. Chinese restriction is all very good, but nothing short of Chinese exclusion will solve the first half of the problem for us. As for the Japs, God alone knows what we will do if they keep on coming by the hundreds, as they have been. They enter every branch of work that a white man, woman or boy performs. This year they will virtually own the salmon fishing of the Fraser river, and other important industries will go down before them as surely as the sun will rise. Hundreds of them are being naturalized as quick as they can get their papers out, and the time is not far distant when the little brown man's vote will have to be seriously reckoned with in the elections of British Columbia.

The Chinaman is regarded as a blighting curse in every white man's country, but the universal sentiment is that the Jap is an evil more to be dreaded than his pig-tailed brother. The Chinaman has fled from Seattle before the conquering Jap, who can live cheaper and work for less money than the apology for a man from the Flowery Kingdom can. What if the Imperial Government is anxious to retain the friendship of the Japanese for the help their navy might bring in case of Eastern wars? Are we Canadians to be compelled to pay so dear a price, that such destructive diplomacy and such unhallowed sophistry may be in at the feast of nations on the polluted entrails of a dismembered China? Are the youth and beauty of the "Land of the Maple Leaf" to be turned into thieves and prostitutes that cant and veiled hypocrisy may still assert their power?

I ask you, a Canadian and a friend of the people, to take up this timely, just, and all-important cause. Help us to fight for the exclusion of all Asiatic labor from Canada that the day may never come when the heathen dragon shall coil its dreadful folds around our old Ontario homes.

Vancouver, B.C. JOHN McD. MILLAR.

The Book of the Hour.

Charles Frederic Goss has given to the reading public a strong, entrancing and picturesque story, a tale which goes down to the depths and up to the heights which may be reached by man, an almost majestic story, with its human hero, in his perfection of strength and weakness, living through his "redemption." David Corson is a man's man, clearly drawn, with those deep, firm, telling strokes that burn into the memory, and remain distinct when more elaborate and intricate tracery becomes blurred by time. First seen at the plough, in an ecstatic vision in the sunset, forgetting the labor and unheeding the presence of the child come to summon him to his meal; last seen in the furrow, with hand filled with grain which he forgets to sow while he dreams in the gathering dusk, he is the same David to outward seeming, though, between whiles, he has passed through crimes and tragedies, through the fiery furnace of doubt, sin, repentance and expiation. The power of his nature is what fascinates. He is, after all, the same David; the storm which would have sent a weaker craft a battered wreck upon the beach has only proved his staunch strength. The story fits together like a mosaic set in order by a wise and merciful skill. There are strong pictures of men and women—the noble mother, the brave Peppeta, the sweet Quaker wife Dorothea, and her lusty son; the grave, wise, beautiful life of the Quaker folk, the turbulent Southern life of the gamblers, and the vivid shadows and sunshine of the stormy months, while David cast behind him the old beliefs and found nothing to take their place. Even the quack doctor, insolent in lusty health, strong in his passions and good-naturedly trustful and generous, and unforgiving under wrong, will remain a deep impression on the reader of the book of the month, *The Redemption* of David Corson. Wm. Briggs has the Canadian edition.



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Social and Personal.

Miss Mabel Vale and Miss Margery Vale, of Norwich, England, arrived last week at Montreal. Miss Margery is now staying with her brother, at Balmy Beach, where Miss Mabel hopes to join her in about two weeks, after making a short stay with some friends at Lachine, Quebec. Both young ladies purpose staying in Toronto until the middle of August, when they intend making a short tour through the Eastern cities of the United States en route to New York, from where they return by Cunard line to the Old Country on September 8th.

Mrs. F. W. Beebe, 301 Spadina avenue, is visiting friends at Cobourg, Brockville, Oswego, N.Y., and Montreal.

Mr. Robert Home, 415 Yonge street, left on Wednesday, July 4th, for an extended trip to England and Scotland.

At the Ontario Ladies' College closing in Whitby last week, to which the special train from Toronto carried many guests, all admired the charm of one of the graduates, Miss Swan, whose fair beauty realized that of the "Sweet girl graduate with the golden hair."

Mrs. Winter, of Orange, N.J., and three beautiful sons, fine looking lads, of from ten to fifteen years, are at their summer home in Muskoka.

Mr. Marshall Wilcox, New York, and his charming "American" bride, of just a year ago, are visiting at Mr. Wilcox's old home in Whitby.

Mrs. J. F. Michie, whose great debility almost overcame her on Sunday, has since been slightly better. She bears her long illness with sweet patience.

Mrs. J. R. Seymour, of Vancouver, B.C., is on a visit to her sister, Mrs. T. R. Clougher, Grenville street.

Mrs. Tuck and her little son, Wilfrid, who have been visiting Mrs. Norman, 711 Spadina avenue, have returned home. Dr. Tuck came down for a short visit.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of the House of Providence, acknowledge their debt of gratitude to their friends and benefactors for the success of their recent picnic. They thank the ladies for their ceaseless efforts during weeks previous in procuring delicacies for the refreshment tables, as well as for their devoted attention on the day. They thank the energetic committee of gentlemen for the efficient manner in which they secured a varied and interesting programme, thus making the festival a desirable amusement for all who patronized it. The following receipts bear an evidence of the widespread and deep interest taken by the citizens in the institution, and also their love of God in so signally helping the poor. Annexed are the amounts received from the different parishes: Our Lady of Lourdes, \$172.07; St. Basil's, \$300.20; St. Helen's, \$308 (including \$140 received for advertisements); St. Joseph's, \$38.87; St. Mary's, \$430.59; St. Michael's, \$186.70; St. Patrick's, \$430.83; St. Paul's, \$401.98; St. Peter's, \$120.60; Sacred Heart, \$38; Toronto Junction, \$47.30; other sources, \$412.11; total, \$2,886.94; expenses, \$377.85; net proceeds, \$2,509.09.

One of the most amusing children's parties ever given took place at Huntington, L. I., one day last week. A correspondent thus describes it to me: "A whooping-cough party is the latest innovation to be chronicled here. Miss Dorothy Smith gave it. She has the complaint; so has, or recently had, about thirty per cent. of the juvenile population of the village. Miss Smith's ailment made a party appear impossible until the whooping-cough idea occurred. Invitations were then sent to her little friends. They contained a clause providing that the invitation was not to be accepted unless the recipient had the whooping-cough at the time, or else recently had recovered from it. As a result, twenty-five whoopers or recent whoopers responded, and a most delightful afternoon was spent. It was marred only by the suddenness with which some acute whoopers had to stop having fun until a paroxysm had passed." One would not be inclined to envy Mrs. Smith!

Hostesses who have not a shady lawn or a wide, vine-clad balcony, should not be expected to receive during July and August, though so many of our people are awakening to the fact that February and March are much better months to get away in than July and August, that quite a lot of people are still in town, and likely to remain. The legal fraternity must take their vacation when the law directs, however, and an exodus of lawyers and their better halves goes on from day to day.

Mrs. W. H. Scott, of 118 St. Patrick street, will not receive during the summer months.

Mr. Herbert Neville Dering, Under-Secretary to the Legation at Peking, who is supposed to be one of the assassinated at the Embassy there, is a cousin of Mr. Ernest Lawson, of 45 Barnard avenue. Mr. Dering is the youngest son of Sir Henry Neville Dering, Bart., of Surrindren, Kent.

Mrs. G. R. B. Cockburn is in Montreal, with her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Tait. Colonel and Mrs. Davidson sail next week for England, and will spend the vacation with their young daughter, Mary, who went over recently to school, near London. Mrs. William Christie, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, and Mrs. Barclay, with Mrs. Christie's grandchildren, are leaving next week for a summer at Rye Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Jr., are

spending the summer at Cap l'Aigle. Mrs. Campbell, of Carbrook, has gone to British Columbia, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Thomas. Professor and Mrs. Ellis and Miss Ellis will summer at Stony Lake. Mrs. Godson and her daughters and her son, Mr. Ernest Godson, are spending the summer at the Victoria Hotel, Lake Simcoe. Mrs. Homer Dixon and her little daughter are at Lake of Bays, Muskoka. Mrs. Rolleston Tait has returned to Lakefield, taking with her Miss Gertrude Elmsley for a visit. Miss Violet Strickland's marriage will bring Mrs. Tait back here shortly. Mrs. Aemillus Jarvis and her children have gone to the Maine coast for the summer. Mrs. Barnhardt has been spending a fortnight at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Mrs. Charles O'Reilly and Mr. Breyer O'Reilly have also been for some time at the Queen's. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mulock, Dr. Anderson and Dr. Bruce went over last Friday, and returned to town on Saturday. Mr. J. A. Rutherford of New York spent a few days last week at the Queen's Royal. Mr. Rutherford's little valet Yama was a source of much interest to people about the hotel, but repaid their observation with nothing but smiles.

The notion that a new Government House will shortly be built in Toronto, and that the site will be in the Queen's Park, has occasioned quite a ripple of interest. The committee in charge of the erection of a monument to Governor Simcoe have been advised to go slowly in deciding where their monument shall be located, as it would make a fine ornament to the entrance to the new abode of Ontario's first gentleman.

General Sir Henry Wilkinson is visiting the mining district. He comes from Old London, and is one of the chief proprietors of the Mikado gold mine, near Rat Portage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hees and Miss Bessie Hees are to spend July at Murray Bay. On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Hees, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas and their three children left by the Toronto for Tadoussac. Miss Hees joins her family en route, having finished a delightful visit to her Boston friend, Miss Marie Pope, whose friends are bestowing much admiration upon the fascinating Torontonian.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary L. Snider, third daughter of Judge Snider of Hamilton, and Mr. Kenneth Molson, son of Mr. J. S. Molson, of Montreal. Mr. Molson is stationed at the St. Thomas agency of the Molson's Bank.

Reginald d'Iberville, eighth Baron de Longueuil, in the Province of Quebec, is said to be the only living possessor of a Canadian title. It was granted by Louis XIV., 1700, when Canada was under French rule, and it was confirmed by the Queen in 1880. The present baron is 43 years of age. He succeeded to the title in 1898.

Sir Julian and Lady Pauncefoot, accompanied by their daughters, Miss Maud and Miss Sybil Pauncefoot, and their son, Mr. Audrey Pauncefoot, are at their cottage at Newport, where the season will be spent. I hear they expect a visit from Her Royal Highness Princess Arlberg.

General Charles Walker Robinson, a Canadian soldier, who has won distinction in Imperial service, where he has been since 1871, is to visit Toronto this fall, after an absence of ten years. General Robinson is a brother of Mr. Christopher Robinson, Q. C. He has seen service in the Indian mutiny, the Ashanti expedition and the Zulu campaign. He was educated at Upper Canada College and Trinity University. He commenced his military career in the Canadian militia, obtaining his first commission in the Toronto Field Battery in 1856-57.

A somewhat romantic love story ended in a happy wedding in the parlors of the Rossin House, Toronto, on Tuesday week, when Rev. T. A. P. Frost, of Freeport, a prominent young Baptist clergyman, was married to Miss Hayes, daughter of Mr. Edward Hayes, Southport, England. About two years ago Miss Hayes, while on a tour around the world with her family, met Mr. Frost in British Columbia. It was a case of love at first sight, and the attachment so begun was maintained, and resulted in this wedding, for which Miss Hayes came from her home in England, accompanied by her father, who gave her away. The bride was dressed in a costume of white lace, with orange blossoms and tulle veil, and was attended by Miss Western, of Toronto. Rev. Dr. Thomas officiated, and among those present were Rev. J. P. McEwen, Chancellor Wallace of McMaster University; Rev. J. B. Warnock, Rev. Charles A. Eaton, Rev. P. C. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, uncle and aunt, and Mrs. Lyons, aunt of the bride.

China For the Chinese.

THE pro-Bosers are very cleverly satirized in "Punch" by means of the following letter, supposed to be from a leading anti-war man:

Dear Mr. Punch: As the late editor of a daily paper and the advocate of all distressed nationalities, Armenians, Greeks, and dwellers in that blessed region Mesopotamia, I am about to call a meeting to protest against any aggression on the part of the Powers in China. Mr. C. B. B. will probably be there, and Dr. C. B. and all the other Pro-Bosers, and resolutions will be submitted sympathizing with the Chinese in their struggle for freedom from Western intrusions, and their picturesque and forcible method of expressing their dislike for foreigners. We shall call upon the English people to dissent strongly from the attitude taken up by the European governments, towards this simple and athletic people. We shall point out that the present

disturbances are entirely due to the presence of Outlanders in Tien-Tsin, Peking and other large cities, who have come to China merely to make money, and now claim a position of security in that country to which they are not entitled. We shall show that the movement now in progress to suppress the "Boxers" is due entirely to the influence of Capitalists, and is not unconnected with mining concessions. We shall prove that behind the loudly-expressed determination to protect the lives of these Outlanders, we can discern the sinister figure of Mr. R. H. d. s. Pro-Boxer meetings will subsequently be organized in all the large Provincial towns, and every effort will, of course, be made to hamper the Government. Admission will in the first instance be by ticket, but should no disturbances, fomented by Imperialists and Jingoists, take place, it will afterwards be unrestricted.

I need not add that the Women's Liberal Federation, always ready to follow where I lead, will hold a Pro-Boxer meeting in the near future.

Yours faithfully, H. W. M. ss-ngh-m.

Waltzing Mice.

The Japanese have a queer little domestic pet that is said to waltz through the greater part of the waking hours of its life, never growing tired, even if its feet wear out in the process.

The animal belongs to a peculiar breed of mice—black and white with pink eyes. One of their peculiarities is that when other baby mice are just beginning to walk, these are beginning to waltz.

If several mice are put in together they will often be seen waltzing in couples, and sometimes more than two will join in the mad whirl. So rapid is the movement that it is impossible to tell heads from tails. When the floor of the cage is not smooth the mice actually wear out their feet, leaving only the stumps to whirl on.

Waltzing seems to be as necessary for the waltzing mouse as mid-air somersaults are to the tumbling pigeon. An upright peg forms a convenient pivot round which the mice can whirl, but "Natural Science" is the authority for the statement that without any such guide they would not in several minutes cover an area larger than a dinner plate, and they easily spin under a tumbler.

Late Hours in the North.

In Russia, the gay world seems to begin its junketings about the time we Westerners are going to bed. In those famous restaurants in the "Islands" contiguous to St. Petersburg suppers are ordered at midnight, and go on till the early northern sun makes the revellers look sheepish. In northern countries like Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, where, in summer, the daylight never fails, there is a decided tendency to keep late hours, and indeed to stay out all night. There is something which tends to dissipation and vagabondage in a sun which never sets. At the famous Tivoli Gardens at Copenhagen the little white tables of the restaurants are deserted until the English visitor is thinking of going home to bed. At the great Hirschen-Garten, near Moscow, you will find the place empty till close on midnight, when glided young Russia begins to arrive and claim their covers for supper. Then, again, one finds New York later in the matter of hours than London or Paris. The innumerable little after-theater parties at Delmonico's do not come to an abrupt and untimely conclusion at half-past twelve, as they do in London.

Where Bloomers Don't Go.

"Rational" garments for female bicyclists are rigidly dealt with in Rouen Cathedral, to the preservation of the morals of those professionally engaged in the edifice and the intonation of the bawls' purse. Whether the lady wheelist has assumed a de-collette skirt or balloony bags, it is alike to the Archbishop; he does not allow his boys, from canons upward and downward, to take any risk from female display; he probably knows them.

Should such a forward fair one try to enter the sacred edifice, she is deprecatingly stopped by the custodian, who points to the district below the Equator, and remarks, "You cannot go in; His Lordship would not allow it."

"And why, indeed?"

"The custodian more emphatically indicates the obstacle."

"Well, you see, it (or they, as the case may be) is (or are) scarcely the thing (or things) for a church." He then leads the way to a chamber where there is a collection of orthodox long skirts which he hires out at a franc apiece.

Dived to Millions.

Near Como, a mining town in Colorado, is a mountain lake—a small but deep body of clear, cold water, which seems to be in the center of an ancient volcano. Several years ago a man named Fowler was prospecting in that region with a friend from Denver, and in the course of their explorations made a camp on the rim of this curious lake. Though this body of water is high up in the mountains, it is completely hidden by other lofty spurs of the Rockies, and very hard to find. It is perfectly circular, and though it has no visible outlet, the water is cold and sweet.

While speculating as to the probable outlet, the Denver man suggested that his friend should dive and find out.

More than once he dived into the deep, still waters, but failed to reach the bottom. Then he climbed upon a ledge of rock which hung over the lake, and dived once more. This ledge was fully 15 feet above the surface of the water, and he came up half a minute later, laughing, saying that he had found the bottom with his head.

After he had put on his clothes he

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begin brushing the sand out of his head. Suddenly he sprang up with a yell.

Club Badinage.

Young Belville, the society actor, strolled into the Call Boys' Club the other afternoon and began railing against the profession bitterly.

(N.B.—He had been "resting" six months.)

At last he gave Nottingham, the character-actor, his chance, by saying: "I'd never go on the stage again if I were better off!"

"Better off! You are!" is what Nottingham said.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Lime Juice Cools the Blood!

The more so-called "thirst quenchers" you drink in hot weather the greater becomes your thirst, but when you drink an absolutely pure Lime Juice (like Stower's) you alleviate your thirst because you cool the blood.

If you buy Stower's Lime Juice you get the purest, strongest Lime Juice made and one that will keep perfect, even after the cork in the bottle is drawn. There is absolutely no musty flavor to it. Best dealers sell it everywhere, but be sure that you get the genuine.

Stower's Lime Juice

SWITCHES

Without Stem or Cord, and Pompadour Rolls That Do Not Heat the Head.



I have recently completed a new invention for ladies pompadour roll which is exceedingly light and cool; and our new Switch without a stem is quite a favorite.

When you buy a Switch, why not buy the best?

Scientific scalp treatment for ladies and gentlemen. Ingredients specially prepared for each case. Satisfaction guaranteed.

W. T. PEMBER

Hair Dancer and Scalp Specialist

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2 Phillips Square, MONTREAL, London and Birmingham, ENGLAND.

Upper Gallery and new Show Rooms now open to the public. You are invited.

B. M. & T. JENKINS

Leaves From An English Solicitor's Note Book

By BAXTER BORRET.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON NAP AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN I was in practice in Georgetown, in one of the midland counties of England, a near neighbor and intimate friend of mine was Ralph Jackson, a doctor, who hailed from Lancashire. He was a very good fellow, skilful in his profession, and hardworking, with a large practice amongst the poor of the town, but excessive competition, bad debts and ill-luck generally combined to make him at the end of ten years, lose heart, and he came to me, one evening, with a long and sad story of his troubles, and announced to me his intention of throwing up his practice and going to try for better luck in Adelaide, Australia.

"You will never surely take your delicate wife and your little girl out with you to face the trials of colonial life, Jackson," said I.

"No, Borret, that is the hardest wrench of all. I must leave them behind me."

"Well, old fellow, all that my wife and I can do for them in your absence shall be done. I need not say; but is there no relative of your own, or of your wife who will take them in for a year or two?"

"No, my wife has not a single relative in the world, nor have I; I was an only child, and so was my father; no, there I am wrong. My father had a sister, who made an unfortunate marriage and died soon after."

He told me the story more fully as we sat smoking in my study. Within a month of this conversation Jackson left Georgetown for Adelaide, a lonely exile to an unknown land. At first letters came regularly by each mail; then they grew less frequent, and became more and more despondent. At the end of the second year his wife fell ill, and, to add to her troubles, little Margaret, her daughter, caught scarlet fever, and had a very severe attack, and then the mother caught the same illness, and had not the strength to battle with it. In a few days little Margaret was left a motherless little pet of only seven years old. My wife had helped to nurse mother and child in their illness and now took the little one to her heart; we had no children of our own; we had loved one little one and lost her; and so Margaret came as a bright sunbeam into our house. On me fell the sad task of writing to tell Jackson that he was a widower, but I could at least comfort him by telling him that his little girl had a home with us.

Five more years passed, with letters now and then from Jackson, telling me of his struggles against poverty and starvation.

Early in 1878, business took me to Lancashire, and I stayed with a friend, a brother lawyer, in Manchester. One evening after dinner our conversation turned on the subject of the Duchy of Lancaster, and of the right of the Queen to windfalls in the shape of escheats; that is, whenever anyone dies within the limits of the Duchy, without a will and without relatives, the Queen in right of her Duchy claims all the property. My host told me that a very substantial property had recently escheated to the Duchy on the death of a man named Ainsworth, who had in his earlier years married a young lady; that she had died a few years after the marriage, and that after her death Ainsworth had led the life of a miser, making money-getting the sole object of his life; that he had hired a housekeeper to look after his comfort, and she had inveigled him into marrying her, and into making a will in her favor, but she had died a few days before Ainsworth, and there being no will capable of taking effect, and no known relations, the Duchy had claimed all the property as an escheat, and that between £15,000 and £20,000, was then in the hands of the Duchy waiting for claimants; that it was known that Ainsworth himself had no legal next of kin, having been of illegitimate birth, and that his last wife was also an illegitimate child reared in the workhouse, but that there was an impression that there were relatives of the first wife, who would be entitled to claim as next of kin if they could be found.

When I went to bed I was too restless to sleep, and my thoughts suddenly took definite shape. Ainsworth—Manchester—what had I once heard to connect the place with the name? And then (by one of those extraordinary freaks of memory which now and then occur to everyone, I fancy) I remembered word for word part of my conversation with Ralph Jackson on the night when he told me of his determination to go abroad. I remembered his words distinctly. "My father had an elder sister named Mary who married a man of low birth living in Manchester named Ainsworth; my aunt died a few years after her marriage, and many years after her death Ainsworth married some low woman, and my father never held any communication with him after his second marriage." I felt so strangely moved by this sudden flash of memory that I got up at once, lit my candle, and wrote down the words exactly as I remembered them.

I wrote out to Jackson by the next mail, telling him what had been told to me in Manchester, and urging him to return to England and claim the money. If he felt reasonably certain that the dead man, Ainsworth, was the first husband of his Aunt Mary. In those days communication with Adelaide was slow and I could not rely on receiving any reply for six months.

On Saturday, the 21st of September, I received a letter from Jackson, saying that he felt certain that Ainsworth was the man who had married his aunt; that he had some years previously had to prove his pedigree strictly in relation to some property which had been in the family for two generations, but at the moment of writing he could not quite remember all the details, or where the proof of the pedigree could be found; that he was leaving Adelaide at the end of July by the clipper ship "Crest of the Wave," and would be in Liverpool before the end of October, and that he hoped during the voyage home his memory, which had become impaired through illness, would revive.

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On the 11th of October, my wife and I and Margaret, then twelve years old, started for Southport so as to be within easy distance of Liverpool. I discovered the owners of the clipper, and they promised to telegraph me as soon as she was sighted off the coast of Wales, so that I could meet her on her arrival in the Mersey.

On the 24th I got a telegram from the owners that the clipper had been sighted off Point Lynas. I went into Liverpool, and, in company with a clerk of the owners, boarded the "Crest of the Wave" as soon as she reached her mooring. The first face I saw on board was the one I had seen in my dream, the ship's surgeon. I greeted him without hesitation.

"You are the ship's surgeon; you have had my friend Ralph Jackson on your sick list; you need not tell me anything, he died on Sunday afternoon, the 22nd of September."

"My own personal experience is that since a child I have been a moderate drinker of coffee, but most of the latter years have suffered from acidity of the stomach, sluggish liver and nervousness."

"I finally gave up coffee entirely, about three years ago, using hot water in its place. Of course, after removing the cause, the symptoms disappeared, but I seemed to need a beverage more strengthening than hot water, as my occupation of nurse required considerable exertion. I began to look about for a suitable breakfast beverage and undertook the preparation of one by browning some wheat berries and using that as coffee, but the result was far from satisfactory. Finally, I came across Postum Food Coffee, on a visit at my home in Roselle, N.J., and found it exactly fitted the case."

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Interested Ladies.

Working in a Good Cause.

"In the Institution where I am employed as nurse (The Home for Aged Women), we find many ladies suffering from gastric trouble caused by coffee."

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On the 11th of October, my wife and I and Margaret, then twelve years old, started for Southport so as to be within easy distance of Liverpool. I discovered the owners of the clipper, and they promised to telegraph me as soon as she was sighted off the coast of Wales, so that I could meet her on her arrival in the Mersey.

On the 24th I got a telegram from the owners that the clipper had been sighted off Point Lynas. I went into Liverpool, and, in company with a clerk of the owners, boarded the "Crest of the Wave" as soon as she reached her mooring. The first face I saw on board was the one I had seen in my dream, the ship's surgeon. I greeted him without hesitation.

"You are the ship's surgeon; you have had my friend Ralph Jackson on your sick list; you need not tell me anything, he died on Sunday afternoon, the 22nd of September."

"Good God! How did you know it? Is your name Borret?"

"Yes; let me come into your private cabin."

When we were seated there alone he told me the story.

"He was ill when he shipped at Adelaide, like a man broken down with trouble; he seemed intensely anxious to reach England, but I doubted whether he would live the voyage out. He told me he was a widower and was longing to see his only child before he died; on the voyage he brightened up and I felt more hopeful. About the time we crossed the line I fancied he had a slight sunstroke, and soon after that he was down with a fever which baffled all my skill. He had made his will before he came on board and gave it into the care of the captain, as he said 'In case of anything happening.' He complained to me of loss of memory, and I fancied he had something on his mind which worried him. In his delirium he constantly uttered your name, Ainsworth and 'Aunt Mary.' Then came the Sunday on which he died."

"Stop, now, Doctor, and let me take up the story. I will tell you how the end was; he was lying in his berth, the lower of two berths; you and he were alone; it was in the afternoon between three and four; you were feeling his pulse; suddenly he pulled his wrist away, and said something. I have got it all down in my pocket-book here. Can you remember what he said?"

"He called your name twice and said something about someone having some deeds of property in some street."

"Here, Doctor, read this note in my pocket-book."

"Mr. Borret, this is indeed marvellous; his very words."

"I will finish the story of his death, Doctor; after he had said these words there was a rush of blood to his mouth and he fell back dead."

I then told him the story of my visit to Manchester and of my strange dream, which, he said, was an exact picture of the final scene, adding, "We buried him in the sea the next day. You shall see the captain, he will show you the entry made in the ship's log and give you the will and a formal certificate of the death."

Before I left the ship I saw the captain, who gave me the will, which left everything to me as trustee for little Margaret, and made my wife and myself her guardians. I returned to Southampton and told the news to my wife, who, after my dream, was quite prepared for the rest of the story, and we comforted our little adopted orphan with all that love could give her.

Three days afterwards I went to Rochdale and saw Mr. Grayson and told him all the story, omitting all mention of the dream. He produced me the parcel of deeds which contained all the proofs wanted to show that Ralph Jackson was a nephew of Mary Jackson who married Ainsworth; the proofs were in the shape of a declaration made by an old servant of the family, and certificates of birth, marriage and death annexed to the declaration; more complete proof could not have been desired.

Before I left Mr. Grayson's office he said to me, "As a matter of curiosity, how did you come to trace these documents to my office?"

"Ralph Jackson told me himself a month since that I should find them here."

"Told you himself a month since! Why, on your own statement, a month since Ralph Jackson was on board ship on his voyage home, and you were at Georgetown, for you wrote to me from there just a month since. Surely you are making some mistake."

"There are some mysteries, Mr. Grayson," said I, "which it is beyond our power to fathom, shrewd lawyers though we may both of us be. If I had commenced my correspondence with you by telling you that it had been revealed to me in a dream that this evidence was to be found in your office, you would have put me down for a lunatic; yet here is the evidence, and I can give you my most solemn assurance that neither by letter nor vivo did Ralph Jackson tell me that I should find it here; it was revealed to me in a dream."

"Dreams are strange things, Mr. Borret," said Mr. Grayson, "but we know they are not legal evidence as yet; tell me your dream."

I told him all about it, showing him the entry made in my pocket-book at the exact date, and I told him how all the circumstances which I had seen in my dream, and which were confirmed by Ralph Jackson on his deathbed had been confirmed by the ship's surgeon. Mr. Grayson said it was the strangest thing that had ever come to his knowledge during the whole of his fifty years of practice.

I was able to prove Margaret's claim to the full satisfaction of the Duchy authorities, and the money was vested in trustees for her benefit; and so she turned out a wealthy heiress after all, though her poor father had died broken down with his hard struggle against poverty and want in a strange land.

Now, after twenty years, I have her full permission to tell the story of how her fortune was recovered for her by the means of a revelation from the land of shadows, communicated to me in the course of a Sunday afternoon nap.

Hindu Loyalty.

An exultant Indian baboo, referring recently to the gifts and offers of native officers and princes, characteristically expressed his satisfaction.

"The faithful Indian subjects of Queen Victoria," he wrote, "have now by their own sweet will donated gratis their superabundant quota, pursuant to prosecuting in extremis the combat against South African enemies of Her Gracious Majesty."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has not shared the "romantic" but he has been at the seat of war, and in his recent account of his experience with a hospital train he gives incidentally a glimpse of Oriental passivity and indifference. At a siding the hospital train overtook a train loaded with horses—remounts being sent to the

front. They were from India, the offering of native rajahs. Mr. Kipling can talk Hindustani.

"Suddenly," he says, "we overhauled a trainload of horses, Bhowanagar's and Jamnagar's gifts to the war; stolid sales and a sowar or two in charge," and this conversation ensued:

"Whence dost thou come?"

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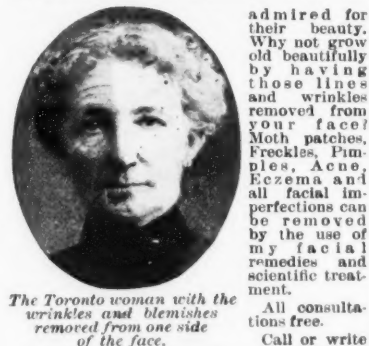


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Posthistoric Peeps.

ACCORDING to the "Daily Chronicle," a new political era is heralded by the rumored running of a cycling candidate for Parliament. This announcement opens up a vista of developments hitherto undreamed of, and Mr. Punch has told off his own special Prophet to forecast the Queen's speech of 1920.

My Lords and Gentlemen—
My relations with all the other Powers continue to be of a friendly character.

My dispute with the United States over the America Cup, in consequence of which I was reluctantly compelled to withdraw my Minister from Boston, has been referred to the concert of Europe. The conferences which the Ambassadors have been instructed to hold are still proceeding, and I see no danger of their terminating.

The troubles which broke out in my Australian Colonies upon the defeat of their cricket teams by my eleven have been appeased by the return to the spectators of their gate money, and my subjects have been restored to their wonted loyalty and allegiance. Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The estimates for the year will be laid before you. While desirous of guarding against undue expenditure, I feel that the present lack of condition in the country will not permit you to depart from that spirit in which you have during recent years provided cricket fields, golf links and race courses for the development of my Empire.

My Lords and Gentlemen:

The neglect of sport—especially among the younger officers of my army—having become a national disgrace, a bill will be laid before you to provide against their becoming too much engrossed in their professions, and requiring them to duly observe Derby day, Ascot and other great national festivals.

For the further encouragement of sport, your consent will be asked to a measure providing that every post-office be furnished with a tape, and that the latest betting news be exhibited in a conspicuous place.

With a view to the promotion of temperance reform, old age pensions, the housing of the working classes, the relief of over-crowded districts and the abolition of slums have been prepared, and will be laid before you if opportunity for considering them should be found.

Curious Bits of News.

In France there are sixteen motor-car clubs; in Germany nine, in England six, in Belgium five, in Austria four, in America two, in Russia two, in Italy two, in Holland one, and in Spain one.

The Princess of Wales has a regular museum of the hats and bonnets she has worn during the last thirty years as a leader of London fashions. When the hat has ceased to be of service it is carefully labelled, dated with the season of its use, and put away.

Wm. Dalgarno found a hen's egg a day or two ago which may be regarded as a strange freak in nature, says the Chesley (Ont.) "Enterprise."

It was larger than the ordinary sized hen's egg, but when broken into, the interior revealed a sight vastly different from the ordinary class of egg. The shell was found to contain two yolks, and the white belonging to the two yolks, and, in addition to this, it also contained another perfectly formed egg which also had a shell of its own, and all the essential elements of a fully developed egg. It was a case of three eggs in one egg.

Transferring an oil-painting to a new canvas sounds an impossible feat. But it is the latest miracle of restoration, when a canvas is so rotted with age and damp as to be beyond cleaning. A picture eight feet square, and two centuries old, has thus been treated by a Belgian picture-dealer.

The first thing he did was to glue a huge sheet of thick Manila paper firmly to the face of the picture. Then he turned it over carefully, and picked off every particle of the old decaying canvas, revealing the rear surface of the paint itself. It was a big job and required no end of patience; but the last thread was finally removed, and nothing was left but the fragile shell of pigment.

That he covered with the strongest fish glue and a new sheet of canvas was spread over it and pressed down. In a few hours it was perfectly dry, and the painting was as firmly attached to its new foundation as if it had been there from the start. Now.

Change in Food

Works Wonders in Health.

It is worth knowing that a change in food can cure dyspepsia. "I deem it my duty to let you know how Grape-Nuts food has cured me of indigestion."

"I had been troubled with it for years, until last year my doctor recommended Grape-Nuts food to be used every morning. I followed instructions and now I am entirely well."

"The whole family like Grape-Nuts. We use four packages a week. You are welcome to use this testimonial as you see fit. I am willing to give any information to anyone who desires to see or write me regarding Grape-Nuts." Respectfully, Mrs. C. H. Lowe, 681 Parker Street, Roxbury, Mass.

The reason Mrs. Lowe was helped by the use of Grape-Nuts food, is that the food is predigested by natural processes and therefore does not tax the stomach as the food she had been using; it also contains the elements required for building up the nervous system. If that part of the human body is in perfect working order there can be no dyspepsia, for nervous energy represents the steam that drives the engine.

When the nervous system is run down the machinery of the body works badly. Grape-Nuts food can be used by small children as well as adults. It is perfectly cooked and ready for instant use.

thing then remained but to take off the Manila paper, which was readily done with hot water. After that the surface was thoroughly cleaned and the picture is now almost as bright and clear as it was when it left the painter's easel.

Rebus in Arduis.

Tell me, stranger, ere I perish,
Of the fish men call the trout,
Ere I lose the hopes I cherish,
Summer in and summer out,
Hopes of hooking one and landing
Him before the day is done,
Waist-deep in the water standing,
From the dawn to set of sun.

Tell me, is his belly yellow?
Is he spotted red and black?
Does he look a splendid fellow
When you turn him on his back?
Is there any fly can rise him,
Any hook can hold him tight?
Is one able to surprise him,
Any time from morn to night?

Stranger, years I've passed in trying
Every artifice and lure,
Standing, crawling, wading, lying,
Casting clean and long and sure,
Empty yet remains my basket,
Cramped and weary grows my fist,
Stranger, in despair I ask it,
Does the trout in truth exist?

—Punch.

Mrs. Williamson's London Success.

It is a curious thing that one of the most widely read novelists in England at the present moment should be an "American" woman who is probably scarcely known even by name in her native country.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson has not, it is true, made for herself what is called a great "literary" reputation. She writes frankly for the million and succeeds in reaching them. The innumerable readers of the feuilletons in the half-penny morning papers of London such as the "Daily Mail," and those who depend for fiction on cheap weeklies of enormous circulation such as Lloyd's, have no greater favorite than Mrs. Williamson.

She has sometimes as many as three or four stories going at the same time in different papers and magazines. It has never been asserted that she took her art very seriously. It may well be that she laughs to herself as she subjects her poor but ravishingly beautiful heroines to the persecutions of titled villains. But she is a success, and that is probably all she wants.

Mrs. Williamson was Miss Alice Muriel Livingstone, of Poughkeepsie, New York. Her career began as an actress, and in her first novel, "The Barnstormers," one will find much autobiographical experience. After acting for a time, Miss Livingstone turned her hand to journalism and came to London, in 1892, as the correspondent for four American papers. Her marriage to the editor of "Black and White" settled her in England, and she then took steadily, one can perhaps, scarcely say seriously, to novel writing. One would have said, a priori, that one of the most difficult things for an "American" to do was to write stories for the middle and lower English classes which should suit their peculiar tastes. But Mrs. Williamson has succeeded in this apparently difficult task.

Book Notes.

THE botanical art book seems to have become a fad. Fad is an evil name, perhaps, to bestow thoughtlessly, but there are good and pleasant fads as well as disagreeable ones, and the botanical art book fad is to be classed, most decidedly, with the former.

A short time ago Nature's Garden, by Nellie Blanchard, was noticed in this column, and only last week reference was made to How to Know the Wild Flowers, by Mrs. William Starr Dana, and Our Native Trees, by Harriet L. Keeler. Now comes another book, or rather series of books, of the same character, but with the more pretentious and comprehensive title—The Cyclopaedia of American Horticulture, published in New York by the Macmillans and in Toronto by Virtue & Company. The first volume alone—comprising the letters A to D—is before us, but, judging by it, the work as a whole will be one that will leave little to be said upon the subject dealt with.

Professor Bailey, the chief author, is professor of horticulture at Cornell University. He is assisted in the present task by Wilhelm Miller and many associates from the ranks of expert botanists and practical gardeners. The work is to be completed in four quarto volumes, embracing about 2,000 pages. It is strongly bound, well printed and illustrated lavishly with drawings, for which the virtue of accuracy, in addition to artistic effect, is claimed. After a careful examination of the volume to hand, "Saturday Night" has no hesitation in saying that the work will be welcomed as an invaluable practical treatise by those having to

do with horticulture from either its commercial or artistic side.

Paul Leicester Ford, author of Janice Meredith, is collaborating with Edward E. Rose in dramatizing the novel for the use of Mary Manning, who will become a star at the head of her own company next season.

Frankfort Moore, who takes a great interest in the figures of the past, long to the English stage, has written a novel with Nell Gwynn for heroine. At an early date it will be published simultaneously in this country and in England.

With intention so serious that it will amuse unsympathetic readers, Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, has reprinted two essays first published five years ago, entitled the thin but attractive volume Spring and Autumn in Ireland, dedicated the work to "the brave and gifted Irish people," and dated his effort St. Patrick's Day, 1900.

Wounds in the Rain, a volume of short stories about the Cuban war by the late Stephen Crane, will be issued soon. Still a later work from the pen of this novelist is a long Irish tale, entitled The O'Ruddy, which he completed some time before his death. This volume will be expected to appear in book form for some months, as it will have first to run its course as a serial.

A Criminal Newspaper.

AN interview secured with the editor of the convict newspaper, "Star of Hope," and the superintendent of the Sing Sing Prison threw light on the character of the convict contributors, the way the editor and the highest official work together, and their general ideas about crime, writes Hutchins Hapgood in "Ainslee's Magazine."

The superintendent's magazine toward the inmates, as well as what he said, showed great sympathy and a desire to improve their condition. With the editor his manner was quite familiar. They discussed together the desirability of establishing a debating department in the paper, and the superintendent suggested that the contributors see their manuscript with corrections upon it in order to help the comparatively ignorant in matters of English, composition and grammar. He said he believed that there were very few men who had reached the age of forty-five who had not at some time of their lives done something for which they might have been put in prison. The editor maintained that the men inside prison walls represented as high a level of intelligence as men elsewhere, and said, what particularly surprised the visitor, that the greater part of the 200 contributors from Sing Sing prison alone had served more than one term.

The reason being, in his opinion, that the old stagers had thought more about the conditions of crime than those serving their first term. They are "wise guys," and know what they are writing about.

In answer to a question as to the sincerity of the contributors, the editor said that there was no doubt more or less hypocrisy among them, but no more than obtained elsewhere. He thought that seventy-five per cent. of the articles he received were sincere expressions of opinion. The superintendent remarked that since the length of time to serve was not shortened by the character of their contributions there was no particular reason why the articles he received were sincere but he added that it was desirable to suppress a good many articles which reflected on particular keepers, because some of the keepers would know the writer by the cell number signed and would have it in for him if they were "roasted." He then commented rather severely on the character of prison officials, pointing particularly to the inordinately feminine nature of their petty jealousies, and said that many of the prisoners are men of far greater intelligence than the men appointed to take care of them.

In regard to reform, the superintendent believed that at least 500 men in Sing Sing Prison were willing and able to lead honest lives. For the Parole Bill he said he would work as long as he was on earth. Many men, he thinks, are reformed long before their terms expire, and that after that they degenerate physically and mentally by being kept in prison, and brutalized by confinement and forced into the life again. It is enough for some men to reform, he thinks, to appear in court; the prison stripes turn the hearts of others. Therefore, for men guilty of first offenses, short terms should be given, he thinks, and pointed indignantly to the fact that some first terms are longer than second and third terms for the same offence. The superintendent's words recalled the remark of a famous criminal, Austin Bidwell, who robbed the Bank of England of a million dollars. He got a

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life sentence, but after many years was pardoned, and when he came to this country was asked by Josiah Flynt, the tramp and criminologist, what kind of imprisonment he thought was most effective as a preventive of crime.

"I believe," answered Bidwell, "in short terms, not more than two or three years; but I believe that the time spent in prison ought to be made livid hell for the prisoner."

Bidwell announced himself not reformed by his long imprisonment, and said he believed long term men in general emerged broken down and with a ramorous sense of the injustice of society.

The editor and the superintendent readily admitted that although a large number are reformed, a large proportion of the several term men look upon theft as their permanent trade, and confidently intend to steal as soon as they are released. These are confirmed criminals, old "guns," who are once for all identified with the life.

And many of these men write for the "Star of Hope." The superintendent told of one young criminal whom he had questioned:

"Where are you going when you leave here?"

"To New York."

"What are you going to do there?"

"I am going to steal. That is my profession."

The inmate editor laughed and said that many felt that way, but that few were frank enough to say so. This seems likely enough, for probably two-thirds of the men in Sing Sing are professional thieves.

An Assisted Order.

WHEN Mr. Meddlar tried to use his telephone, a few days ago, the "hello girl," probably dreaming of her social triumphs, instead of giving him the number he called for, connected him with a line over which a conversation already raged. Mr. Meddlar had listened for only a moment before he discovered that the line had a very frangible female at one end of it and a not over-bright grocer's clerk at the other, and that the lady's order was being given somewhat tempestuously.

He therefore decided to facilitate the proceedings, and the wires began to heat up in about this fashion:

Woman's Voice—And I want a dozen eggs, a dozen eggs—understand?

Mr. Meddlar—Yes, mum. Do you want them fresh, mum?

Woman's Voice—Of course, stupid! Do you take us for cheap folks?

Clerk's Voice—Yes, mum; a dozen eggs.

Mr. Meddlar—Did you say a dozen or a bushel, mum?

Woman's Voice—A dozen—a dozen—a dozen, idiot! And I want a bottle of pickles. Got that?

Mr. Meddlar—Yes, mum; a barrel of olives.

Clerk's Voice—Yes, mum; all right, mum.

Woman's Voice—No, no, no, oh, sugar! A bottle of pickles, I said.

Mr. Meddlar—Oh, yes, mum. Excuse me, mum. I was out with the boys last night and am kinder twisted today. But you know how it is, mum. A barrel of sugar, you said? All right, mum.

Woman's Voice—No-o-o-o-o! Can't you hear, you drunken booby? I say a bottle of pickles.

Mr. Meddlar—You said sugar, mum.

Woman's Voice—I didn't. And if—

Clerk's Voice—What did you say that last was, mum?

Woman's Voice—A bottle—bottle—bottle of pickles—pickles—pickles.

Mr. Meddlar—All right, mum; three bottles of pickles.

Woman's Voice—Oh, you fool! Well, let it go at that. And I want two quarts of vinegar.

Mr. Meddlar—You don't need it, mum.

Woman's Voice—What's that?

Mr. Meddlar—Sugar's what you need, mum, and lots of it.

Woman's Voice—Oh, if I only had you here, you—you—you—

Mr. Meddlar—That's right, mum. Use up lots of it.

Woman's Voice—Gurgles! Gasp!

Choke! Choke! Gasp! Gurgles! Clerk's Voice—Beg pardon, mum, but I didn't catch that last. Please repeat it, mum.

Woman's Voice—You impudent imp! You tadpole! You shrimp!

Mr. Meddlar—Fresh or canned, mum?

Woman's Voice—Oh, wait till I get my hands on you! I'm coming round there this instant. You just wait!

Mr. Meddlar—All right, mum. How are all the folks?

Then the phone was furiously rung off—it sounded to Mr. Meddlar as if it had been wrung off the wall entirely—and, with a beatific smile gambling over his countenance, he resumed his seat at his desk and began drafting his report as president of the local Christian Endeavorers—Alex. Ricketts, in the "Smart Set."

Good Tea Kept Good.

At every grocery—whether it be the pretentious structure of many stories or the humble little corner shop—can be seen nowadays a package that has revolutionized the world's tea trade. It is a lead package with a blue, red or gold label, with the words "SALADA" CEYLON TEA plainly marked thereon. This sealed lead package contains the purest and most delicious tea in the world, from the virgin soil of the island of Ceylon, where it is grown and manufactured on scientific principles, without coloring matter or adulteration in any form whatever. The lead package ensures cleanliness in handling, and retains the full strength and fine flavor of the tea. It excludes all air, dust, dirt and germs, indefinitely keeping the tea in just the condition it came from the gardens—fresh, juicy and succulent.

The new tea—"Salada" Green Ceylon Tea—is rapidly growing in favor with Japan tea drinkers, because, though it is similar in taste to the finest Japan tea, it is infinitely more delicious and far more healthful in use.

Then He Understood

It was evening. A stranger approached the cyclist. "Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its function."

"Sir?"

"Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"But, really, I don't quite—"

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced."

"My dear fellow, I—"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandescence have been discontinued."

Just then a boy shouted:

"Hi, mister, your lamp's out!"

From "Answers."

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She—'Adn't we better go 'ome?
He—'Me go 'ome! No bloomin' fear! I 'aven't paid 5s. 6d. for railway tickets for nothin'—I've come for a day's pleasure and I'm goin' to 'ave it.



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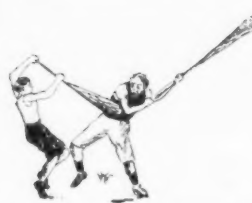
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FOR HOLIDAY SEEKERS.

You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.



OUTDOOR PASTIMES



ALTHOUGH it cannot be expected that a lacrosse match such as that between the Torontos and the Tecumsehs for the city championship can be played without stirring up excited feeling, it is altogether regrettable that this feeling should have manifested itself in

rough play and a disposition to settle small differences on the field a la Queensberry. Coming after the brutally rough game of the week before, between the Young Tecumsehs and St. Michael's College, the exhibition at the Island last Saturday cannot add to the esteem of those who are not enthusiasts for the national game as it is played nowadays. A certain amount of unintentional roughness is inseparable from the game, owing to its very nature, and the man who expects to see a match in which nobody gets "barked," had better confine his attention to something a little less swift and less exciting than lacrosse. At the same time, there is such a thing as clean and good-natured yet keen and skillful lacrosse-playing, and it is this that the public have a right to look for. The match between the Torontos and Montreals on Monday furnished an exhibition of just this kind of work, and was in striking contrast to the contest by which the city championship was decided. If the match for the city championship becomes an annual event, as it is quite likely to do—for it is inconceivable that the Torontos should permit the result of such a contest as Saturday's to be considered anything but a temporary settlement—we are quite likely to have a repetition of such scenes year after year, for the rivalry between the clubs is strong and feeling will run higher as a result of the recent contest.

Ottawa's Dominion Day bicycle meet seems to have shown conclusively that there is now very little general interest in bicycle racing, and that what there is will quite likely disappear. This seems strange, in view of the fact that more people than ever are riding wheels—not, however, for recreation, or for what there is in it, but because the bicycle is a time and moneysaver. Perhaps the very fact that the wheel is now so common may account in large measure for the decline of bicycle racing. Almost everybody has or can have a "bike," and therefore few take the least interest in competitions from which the element of novelty has completely vanished. Horse-racing, on the other hand, becomes more popular year after year, not only because it possesses a dramatic and spectacular feature which bicycle-racing lacks, but, possibly, also, because it is still the "sport of kings," in the sense that only a very small minority can afford to own and run a string of racers. Such sports as lacrosse, football, and hockey draw by means of working up the enthusiasm of the teams and of their supporters and friends, and as a team usually represents a college, a town, a corporation, or some other large community, an immense number of people are touched more or less directly by its fortunes. Competitions that are merely individual require some striking feature in order to take hold on the general public. The turf draws because it is exciting and because fast horses are beyond the means of the common herd. The same is true largely of yachting. Sprinting and throwing the hammer are open to everyone, and the result is that not ten men in a hundred would walk a block to see the average foot-race or track programme. Just so with bicycle racing. The wheel has become too democratic to be longer capable of causing a furore, and the only sentiment which the scorcher or would-be speedy man arouses in the ordinary citizen a wheel or a foot is one of contempt. As additional causes of the decay of bicycle racing, we have, of course, the professionalism and dirty work of the past. But doubtless, even without these, it would have been impossible to have kept up general interest in such a very tame and "ordinary" sport as wheeling.

A novel means for enabling unfinished cricket matches to proceed after sundown has been hit upon by the Australians. In Sydney, the citizens have made a great cricket ground that is lighted by some three thousand acetylene lights, each of which is nearly as bright as an electric illuminator of the same size. These lights are placed under shades distributed around the grounds outside of the field and sixteen feet apart. It is said that the field is as light as day from one end to the other, and that even the colors worn by the various contestants show in their natural hues.

Last season an English batsman of the very highest class objected to a bright shirt-stud that the bowler who was facing him wore. The batsman alleged that the sun

glinted on this stud, and so diverted and fascinated his attention that he could watch nothing else. This reminds one of that great batsman Dalt complaining some years ago that Ephraim Lockwood, at slip, kept singing snatches of song. No man in first-class cricket is more put out than the ever good-natured "Ranji" at a bowler with a wide flying loose sleeve that flaps in the breeze, and he declares that the sound as well as the sight of it racks him in every nerve. One of the very best bowlers that Lancashire ever had—a professional now retired—got on to the nerves of many batsmen, particularly on those of Lionel Palairet, and F. S. Jackson, through his habit of involuntarily making grotesque faces just before delivering the ball. A first-class umpire lost employment through a sort of very audible half-sigh, half-cough, that he could not help giving whenever the bowler near whom he stood delivered a ball. In an England v. Australia match, Arthur Shrewsbury failed to strike at all at an easy straight ball through the umpire near the bowler sneezing alarmingly just as the ball was sent up.

Many cricket matches were played on Saturday and Monday. Parkdale beat Uxbridge by 148 to 65, F. S. Chambers' 86 including a five and two sixes being a fine batting performance for the winners. Gordon Mackay's team added another to its list of victories by defeating Brampton by 95 runs in a one-innings match. St. Mark's disposed of Grace Church by 121 to 41, and St. Alban's made 70 to Woodbine's 32. On Dominion Day the Toronto-Rosedales defeated Hamilton by a score of 165 to 143. H. J. Martin making the top score for Rosedale, 32, and Jack Counsell for Hamilton, 31. St. Cyprian's beat St. Mark's on Trinity College grounds by 109 to 106. St. Cyprian's has experienced a long run of ill luck, and this victory by so narrow a margin, after a long and closely contested game, was most welcome to the members of that club. In their match with St. Alban's, St. Cyprian's lost by 11 runs. The feature of this match was the bowling of Hancock and Hynes, who each took six wickets for 23 runs.

Mr. H. C. McLeod's new yacht Gloria has arrived at St. John's, Nfld., from Southampton, without damage, and will be brought on to Toronto at once.

There seems to be the least little bit of cruelty sometimes in connection with the flying of homing pigeons. In the seventh race on the schedule of the Dominion Messenger Pigeon Association, an air line of 514 miles in length was selected. This was the longest flight ever attempted in Canada, and seems to have been hard for the birds to cover. Charles F. Kinsey's pigeon Y77, the winner of the race, was found in Lorne Park about 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, exhausted, and had to be taken to Hotel Louise to be fed and watered before it could finish. Its recorded time for the distance, about 32 hours, which would have been much less had the bird not been "knocked out" as above recorded, is more creditable to the pigeon creation than to mankind, which sometimes takes advantage of the noble instinct of these little creatures to make them cover distances which are altogether too great.

The Toronto Canoe Club will hold their annual regatta and At Home to-day.

Hanlan's tactics with the Columbia crew have not escaped criticism, and even before the race ended disastrously for his pupils, the opinion was freely expressed that with the short time at his disposal, he would have done better to have made the best of the faulty stroke to which the Columbia crew had been trained, instead of attempting to revolutionize their methods, and thereby rendering them incapable of rowing any system correctly.

The fear that Yankee oarsmen would wipe out Canadian competitors as a result of the early date of the C. A. A. O. regatta, seems to have been nothing more than a boogy. At the same time, the regatta might have been more interesting had the date been fixed later, as there would have been stronger competition.

To the lay mind, there would seem to be unnecessary delay on the part of the Sailing Committee of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in giving out decisions in the case of protests and time allowances. The protest of the Clorita against the Merrythought, in the race on June 23rd was not settled till July 3rd, and the decision as to the Queen's Cup race was also allowed to stand for several days. Of course, if those taking part in the races are content, the general public has no right to complain, but all the same, it tends to kill public interest when decisions are not given until the contests they refer to are practically forgotten.

Four rinks of Granite bowlers won from four rinks of Thistles last week by 77 to 34. The initial garden party of the Granites was held on Thursday evening, 28th ult., under most favorable auspices.

Prospect Park defeated the Canadas by 70 to 68 in a four-rink contest.

In a six-rink contest, the Granites beat Victoria by 95 to 94.

Caer-Howell bowlers defeated the Thistles on Saturday by 21 shots.

Dresden won the Sutherland Cup at the Chatham bowling tournament.

Six rinks of Granites won from the Canadas on Dominion Day by 37 shots.

The Hamilton Thistles were taken into camp and beaten by Canadas on Saturday by 163 to 110 points. There were six rinks a side.

Golf.

OLD COUNTRY golfers are ridiculing the theory of United States players that there will be no need in the near future to import professionals from England and Scotland, as the caddies brought up with the game in the United States will come up to all requirements. The professionals in Great Britain are largely graduates from this class, and if they can become such experts as they have proved themselves to be, surely it is only a matter of time when the States and Canada can produce just as good men. Already there are quite a number of home-bred professionals in the States who can hold their own on almost any links. An instance of this is John Shippen, who recently defeated George Low, the runner-up in the open championship, in a 36 hole game. Shippen was a caddy at Shinnecock Hills not so very long ago, but has quickly jumped to the front rank of professionals, being not only a really first-class player, but an exceptionally good coach. It should be remembered that J. H. Taylor, the open champion of Great Britain, and who has won the title three times, started his golfing career as a caddy.

Saturday, the 8th of September, is the date set for the qualifying round of the championship of the Toronto Club. The Toronto Club has altered its course somewhat. The changes affect holes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, which now stand as follows: 1. "First," 190 yards. 2. "Fitzgerald," 360 yards. 3. "Long," 575 yards. 4. "Captain," 450 yards. 5. "Kipke," 325 yards. 6. "Graspan," 180 yards. 7. "Cross Roads," 410 yards.

When the British forces entered Bloemfontein on March 13, among papers in President Steyn's office were found records of the Bloemfontein Golf Club. The club had been in existence some time; the officers for 1899 were: President, His Honor President Steyn; Vice-president, His Honor Chief Justice De Villiers; Captain, Dr. Savage; Committee, G. A. Northeroff, W. Gibbon, H. B. Austin, M. N. Durrant, and W. H. Gray. The entrance fee was 10s. 6d., and annual dues £1 1s. The club was ostensibly governed by the St. Andrew's code, but had a number of very peculiar and contradictory rules. The records were

On the Eden Golf Links.



The Centaur—Say, Stranger! Can I join your game? Father Adam—Hoot, Mon! Wha' for the noo d'y'e tak this to be? A Polo Club!

forwarded to England by Lieut. the Hon. J. H. Ward. Olga Nethersole is a keen golfer, and follows the game when off the stage.

The finals for the Osler trophy were played off on Saturday last at the Toronto Club between Mr. V. C. Brown and Mr. G. S. Lyon. The trophy went to Mr. Lyon by a score of 4 up and 3 to go. Mr. Lyon made an excellent round of 78. Mr. Brown's score being 87. Considering the high wind that was blowing on Saturday, Mr. Lyon gave one of the best performances ever seen on the Toronto links, doing the last 9 holes in 34. Mr. Lyon, besides winning the Osler trophy, is the present holder of the club championship.

Brown and Lyon seem to have been making a wide sweep for the past two years. Not content with carrying off the Canadian championships and chief honors of their own club, they have captured the best of what was going at the Toronto Club. It would be hard to find a stronger pair.

A New York sporting goods house has an ingenious way of advertising its golf goods. It has an old Scotchman in kilts, red coat and cap, with a board strapped to his back with names of makers and prices placarded thereon, and carrying a bag with a complete set of the different models of clubs handled. What catches the eye first is the word "Fore," which holds a conspicuous place at the top of the board.

The ladies of the different golf clubs are scattering for the summer. The Misses Bethune will be at Tadoussac. Mrs. J. B. Kay at Roach's Point, Miss Rose Davidson in New Brunswick, and Mrs. John Dick and family at Colborne.

Theatrical Jottings.

THE custom of building theaters with foyers for the use of ladies and gentlemen is growing in America. Augustin Daly was the first to introduce this plan in New York, and his work was viewed for a time with skepticism, not to say cynicism, eyes, by all who beheld it. For, although the foyer was roomy, and at the same time handsomely appointed, there were few of Mr. Daly's patrons who paid the slightest attention to its advantages. The introduction of a grand piano and a gentleman who played upon it with profound vigor between the acts was, however, of some value in drawing attention to the pleasant innovation at another New York theater, and last season it was by no means an uncommon thing to see a dozen or two of ladies, in company with their escorts, promenading through the lobbies and conversing with their friends when the play was not in progress. In Paris, the auditorium of a theater is almost entirely deserted when the curtain is down. Men, women and children alike flock to the lobbies for a refreshing breath of air, a restful change of attitude, and a cheerful interchange of talk with their acquaintances. The plan goes even further than this in some European centers. There the foyer is supplemented by a light restaurant where dainty ices and other delicate refreshments may be had.

Girls and boys become stage struck, not only because of the glamor which seems to surround the life, but because there are so many tales of the fabulous sums made by successful actors and actresses. "As a matter of fact," the "Dramatic News" points out, "nothing is more deceptive than the earnings of an actor, and nothing so uncertain. And we take even the best of them. Very few men, it will be agreed, can make as much money at his profession as Mr. Richard Mansfield. To-day he is a rich man, but it is only a few years ago that he was compelled to ask leniency from his creditors. During the season he drew over \$20,000 a week, but three years ago, when playing at the Garrick Theater, in the very same parts, and with fully as good a company, his nightly receipts were often less than \$500, and his profits none. There are many other instances at hand of the fluctuations of popularity in actors, and the most out of the way incidents make or unmake actors." Nor is the money question altogether dependent on merit, for Mr. Mansfield was as good an actor three years ago as he is now.

Mrs. Langtry will produce The Queen's Necklace after her provincial tour. This is an adaptation from Dumas, the playwright. Mr. Buchanan, has followed the novelist very closely. An interesting point in regard to the representation of the piece is that Mrs. Langtry will "double" the parts of Marie Antoinette and Mme. Olivier, the frail lady of the Court who bore so striking a likeness to the queen.

E. S. Willard made his first appearance, after a prolonged retirement, at Franklyn McLeay's Canadian matinee at Her Majesty's, London. Mr. Willard recited The Pied Piper of Hamelin admirably.

A Debt of Honor, the new play by Sydney Grundy, author of The Degenerates, is to be produced at the St. James's Theater, London, on September 1st. The same date will witness Julia Neilson's first appearance as Nell Gwynne, Charles II.'s sportive "lady friend," in Paul Kester's new play at the Haymarket.

In the recent Shakespeare festival, the Merchant of Venice was given at the Memorial Theater, Stratford-on-Avon, with an added interest in Miss Marion Terry's appearance as Portia. The rendition of the part is said to have been as strong as that of her sister, Miss Ellen Terry, whose work in that role has become world-famous.

Hilda Clarke, who has been absent from the stage during the past season, has been secured by Klaw and Erlanger as the prima donna for the Bostonians, an engagement which is in every way satisfactory. The Bostonians will give Robin Hood a sumptuous revival.

Eleanora Duse will not cross the Atlantic for the present. Mrs. Packard is the latest to have made an offer to Madame Duse. This is about the fourth offer that has been made to bring the tragedienne again into this country. The actress says when she does come it will be under the management of the Rosenfelds.

Marie Wainwright will try a new sketch by Justin Huntley McCarthy, the ex-husband of Cissie Loftus, when she re-appears at Keith's in September. The title of the little piece has not as yet been given.

Chauncey Olcott, who was seen at the Grand last season in A Romance of Athlone, will play at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, for about six months next winter and spring in a big spectacular revival of Mavourneen, as well as A Romance of Athlone.

A marriage took place in Chicago the other day between J. J. Murdock and his vaudeville star, best known as The Girl with the Auburn Hair. Mr. Murdock has made a great deal of money out of this vaudeville feature, and now he will no doubt be known as The Man with the Auburn Girl. The happy couple are in Chicago, where Mr. Murdock conducts the Masonic Temple roof garden. Nellie Braggins, who was one of the mirth-creating Three Little Lambs last season, has made a rather distinguished match with a St. Louis railway official.

Society at the Capital.

ON the 29th of June, the Countess of Minto, with Viscountess Coke, Hon. Mr. Coke, Major and Mrs. Drummond, Captain Graham and Captain Mann, A.D.C.'s, went down to Quebec on a week's visit. During the vice-regal visit (for His Excellency joined Lady Minto later on), several charming hospitalities were dispensed. The Crescent was visited, and the distinguished guests duly welcomed with every honor by the officers. Young Coke is a junior officer of the warship. I hear Lady Minto entertained delightfully at the Citadel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sparks and their family have gone to Fernbank, on the St. Lawrence, where they have a summer cottage.

A camping party enjoyed last week some days on the St. Lawrence, and returned to Ottawa on Thursday (28th). Mrs. Lawrence Drummond, Miss Ritchie, Captain Graham and Mr. Smellie were of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie O'Connor are in Toronto, stopping at Mrs. Meade's, Center Island; Mr. O'Connor is taking a course of treatment after his late severe illness.

Miss Florence Gillies, one of the charming girls attending St. Margaret's College, Toronto, arrived home last week at Carleton Place for the vacation. Mrs. Gillies went up to Toronto for the swell closing at the college, and brought her daughter home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gormully and their family are at Murray Bay, having, I hear, the same residence as last year. Mrs. Henry C. Monk has taken a holiday trip up the Rideau. Mrs. T. A. Beaumont (nee Belford) and her sister, Miss Belford, are on a visit to their uncle, Mr. Alec. Beaumont, in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Bronson are at their summer place at Mallorytown, St. Lawrence river.

Mrs. D'Arcy Scott and her family are at Wood Island, down the St. Lawrence. Alderman Scott will go down later on.

Senator Fulford, of Brockville, who has been abroad with his family, returned home last week. Colonel and Mrs. Tilton are at Hotel Victoria, Aylmer. This charming resort was the Mecca of many pilgrims on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. The Guards' band played delightfully on several occasions.

Mrs. J. G. Turfiff, wife of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, and her family, have gone to the seaside for the summer. Lady Bedford, wife of the Vice-Admiral of H. M. S. Crescent, went down to Quebec this week to join her husband. The flag-lieutenant of H. M. S. Crescent is Philip Streetfield, brother of Major Harry Streetfield, Lord Lansdowne's A.D.C. in Canada and India, and of Captain E. Streetfield, General Herbert's A.D.C. during his command here, and of the Hon. Ruby Colville, wife of the Hon. Major Colville, eldest son of Lord Colville.

Dr. Borden has received a letter from Colonel Otter from Bloemfontein, which has been given to the papers. In it the gallant officer makes slight mention of his wound, but praises especially the Canadian Postal Service, and also modestly refers to the Canadian contingent, saying: "The regiment, though in good spirits, is woefully depleted in numbers by death, wounds and sickness, and where we had, on landing in South Africa, 1,040 stalwart men of all ranks, we cannot muster to-day 600 effectives. No regiment in the army has had harder work, or, I think I am safe in saying, more fighting." By the way, I am told that considerable discord was lately experienced among some of Toronto's fair ones resultant on a hasty criticism of Colonel Otter by one of them, and that the critic was routed, horse, foot and artillery. Only very meagre details reached here, but they gave the row as being hot while it lasted.

Mr. Charles J. Armstrong has been attached to the staff of Lieut.-Colonel Girouard, chief of the Railway Department. Mr. A. C. Skelton, Inspector Bank of B. N. A., was here last week on an inspection visit, and stopped at Hotel Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins are occupying their cottage at Kingsmere, having Mrs. Frederic Colson as their guest. Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Bate, Mrs. Harry Bate, and Mrs. Gerald Bate left on Friday (20th) for Riviere du Loup. Mrs. F. B. Hayes, the Misses O'Gara and Mr. Harry Hayes have gone to Nova Scotia for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Leighton McCarthy are at Hotel Victoria, Aylmer. Among other Ottawa people at Aylmer are Mr. and Mrs. G. A. H. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Brigham, Mr. and Mrs. A. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Miall and their family, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Wright and family, Mr. J. R. Fleming, Q.C., the Misses Dorion, Mr. John Francis Waters, Mrs. Brooke, Miss Brooke, Mr. C. J. Brooke and family, Mr. G. Aylmer Brooke, and Mr. Pierce.

I hear that Cadet Hamilton, son of His Lordship Bishop Hamilton, who has received a commission in the Royal Artillery, is going on foreign service, to China. Dr. Westrop Macdougall, son of Hon. Wm. Macdougall, is being congratulated upon having obtained highest honors with his degree in medicine at Columbia College. The young doctor is with his people in Ottawa.

The Minister of the Interior and Mrs. Sifton returned from Europe this week. The report by Mr. Sifton's medical advisers on the Continent is, on the whole, favorable, and his friends earnestly hope the treatment prescribed may restore his hearing and thus give some results for so long a journey and much pain and anxiety.

Last Saturday week, the Ottawa Rowing Club gave a very smart At Home on the occasion of their spring races, and were favored with beautiful weather and a very notable attendance of society people. After the races a hop and light refreshments finished the function. Some very pretty frocks were worn, and music and floor were excellent.

Colonel Turner's recent narrow escape from a car accident was good news to his Ottawa friends. He and his charming wife are spending a holiday in the Eastern States.

Mrs. Sherris, of Montreal, is visiting Miss Thistle, who is, I hear, to leave shortly for Riviere du Loup. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rowley, Mr. Arthur Rowley, and Miss Richardson, are at Hotel Victoria, Aylmer. Mrs. Neilson has been visiting in Kingston. Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, who attended Mr. Cartwright as best man in Toronto last week, returned home on the 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewar, "les nouveaux mariés," have settled down in Winnipeg. Mrs. Montizambert and her family have gone to Murray Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Cargill and Miss Cargill have gone home. Mrs. F. Cockburn Gemow entertained a delightful party of young people the other evening. The reception given in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Fred Saunders by their hosts, Professor and Mrs. Saunders, of the Experimental Farm, was a most enjoyable function, some two hundred guests being present. The grounds are very lovely this season, improvements being continually made, and the cool weather keeping things fresh and spring-like. Refreshments were served in tents on the lawns.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

The Unmasking of Anne.



DON'T know how it is, but it seems a fact that you don't really have any solid prejudices until people try to snatch them from you," said Anne, as she perched herself on a granite boulder and listened attentively to the remarks of the Poet, who sat near with a telescope to his eye.

"I don't exactly understand," said the Poet, who was really too thick-headed to be much of a poet.

"Anyhow, the air in the Georgian Bay district induces mental inertia in some people," Anne reflected.

"Well, if people try to make you stop being frivolous or bad-tempered or egotistical, just by making scathing remarks, you cling tenaciously to your pet faults, for after all your faults are a good part of you. That's the reason I won't do as you tell me to," Anne said, conclusively.

"Yes, but you know you are egotistical and self-confident in the extreme, and you would be so much more charming if you were a little less satirical and unsympathetic," said the Poet.

Anne glared at him in mock reproach.

"People generally do take it as a personal reflection if you happen to have a good opinion of yourself," she said amiably.

"But how do you expect to get along when you are old, if you have forgotten how to be kind and tactful?" pursued the Poet, relentlessly.

"I shall not forget how to be tactful and kind," said Anne, "because I never was tactful and kind. Still, I may learn how," she said, hopefully.

"You have a very sympathetic face," said the Poet, critically.

"So I have been told," said Anne, unimpressed. "I know what you want me to be like: you would be pleased if I were to occasionally have the blues and need to be consoled with a box of candy. Then you would be impressed if I quoted Tennyson's Tears, Idle Tears, in a heavy dramatic voice. Next you would like to see me in a swoon, probably, like the girls in your poetry, and if I couldn't climb fences alone and row so tremendously fast, you would consider me not a bad sort of girl. But I don't care very much whether I am considered a charming girl or not. I hate to be sympathetic. It spoils other people's dispositions to help them coddle up their woes, and it is such bad form to faint and be in poor health. I detest people with no appetite. I consider it really bad form to be forever on the verge of tears about nothing and sighing over ridiculous, moonish poetry like Shelley and Byron wrote."

Anne took the telescope from the Poet as she finished her speech. She looked through it a second before she said anything.

"There goes that dreadful Dennis in a canoe with a sail on it. I'm just as sure as anything that he will upset. He always gets into scrapes. Some people would rather not have some kinds of fun if there was any danger in them, but Dennis and his sister will both go straight into danger and have fun getting out. That girl used to be awfully afraid to dive, but she learned how, just because she thought it would be useful. I'd rather fall down stairs than dive under the water, and I've known how to swim for years," Anne sighed. "It's horrid to be scared, but then, I am very strong, so that makes up in some ways. Look at the way he is wobbling that sail! I wish he would be careful," said Anne, wrinkling her brow. "How dark it's getting," she observed.

"Yes, it's a squall. Master Dennis will have a picnic with that craft of his in a minute, if he doesn't look sharp," said the Poet, indifferently.

"Suppose we row out in the dinghy?" suggested Anne nonchalantly. "I was told by a fortune-teller once that I would rescue a man from drowning, and if that boat tips, Dennis's feet will be tangled in the ropes and he will drown unless I am around to fulfil my destiny. Come," said Anne, strolling towards the boathouse. The Poet hated rowing, but he was bound to follow Anne, despite her faults.

Anne had provided herself with a steamer rug and a bottle of spirits of camphor, and also a small sheath knife, and rowed leisurely out into the open, just as the storm broke. She gave a startled look at the Poet, who was steering, then her eyes sought the tiny sail of Dennis's canoe. She only saw a little black streak on the crest of a wave and a black head bobbing beside it for a second. Then she rowed with all her might, and as her boat came alongside of the wreck she plunged her hand into the water with the precision of a king-fisher and pulled Dennis to the top by the hair.

"His feet are caught," she wailed, but the Poet seemed to have lost all power to act.

"Can't you dive down and cut the ropes?" she shouted.

It was blowing hard.

"No use, he's dead. Tow him in," he said blankly.

Anne looked as though she could kill the Poet cheerfully. She made him hold Dennis's head up, then she produced her knife, and slashed desperately at the entangling ropes. She had to rest six times for breath before she succeeded. But at last the interesting trio were headed for the shore, with the treacherous canoe in tow.

Dennis revived almost at once. He had been partially stunned by a whack from the refractory jib, but Anne's presence seemed to have a revivifying influence on him. He wrapped her in the shawl, then sat at her feet watching the Poet row.

"It's not much fun owing your life to a woman," said the Poet, sympathetically.

Dennis's eyes opened. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, it was Anne who cut the ropes," snapped the Poet.

"I know that," said Dennis, with a slight sneer, "but what I can't understand is how you can resent bravery and resource in a woman like you do."

"I don't," protested the Poet.

"Well, what do you talk such rot for?" said Dennis, bluntly.

"What do you do such fool things for?" retorted the Poet. "It's a pity you hadn't sense enough to take down your sails in a squall."

"I was watching Anne," said Dennis, "and I didn't notice the squall. Anyway, I'm glad I was so idiotic, and I don't begrudge Anne the triumph of demonstrating the fact, previously accepted by myself and other discerning persons, that she is the most admirable girl the Lord ever made."

"And you take back what you said about my frivolity?" said Anne, anxiously.

Dennis smiled. "Did that worry you much?"

"N—no, but you know I am frivolous and the Poet says I am too unsympathetic and satirical," she said.

"Don't you take any stock in what anybody says. It's only prompted by jealousy," said Dennis.

"I'd like to know what right you have to talk that way," said the Poet, angrily.

"I don't know," blushed Dennis, looking at Anne for a way out. The young woman put a motherly, protecting arm about Dennis's neck, and with her dark blue eyes on the Poet she gave vent to her feelings in a very frank angry voice.

"I hate you, you coward. You would have let Dennis drown. Don't ever imagine that you can read your wretched rhymes to me, or speak to me again." She was like a tigress. Dennis was startled at her vehemence, but he rose to the occasion manfully when she burst into tears and hid her face with her trembling hands.

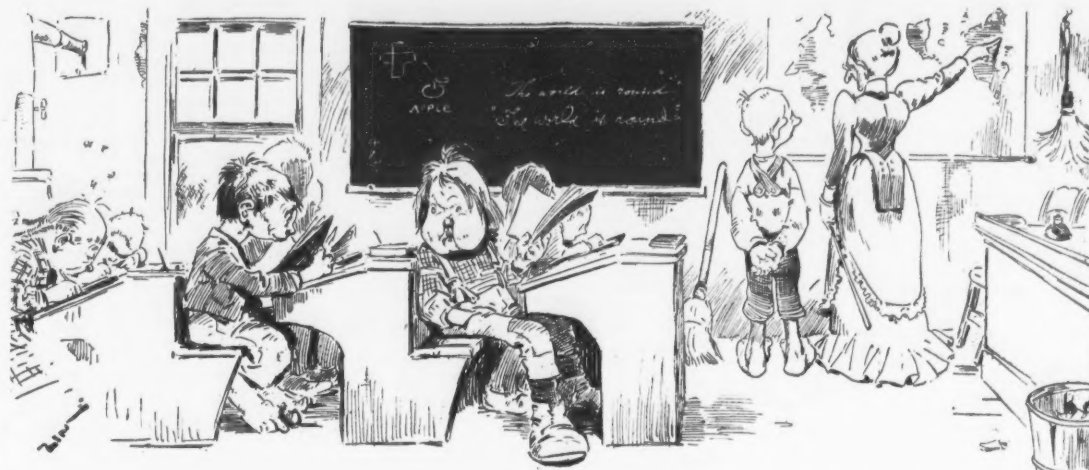
"You let her get me out, you, with your record for swimming?" he said, reproachfully.

"What is that to you?" growled the Poet.

"A crime," said Dennis, firmly.

"Don't you dare speak to Dennis, either," said Anne.

Inquisition Methodical.



Tommy (whispering)—Say, Chimmy, why don't yer show de teacher yer mumps, so she will let yer go home? Chimmy (hoarsely)—Sh! yer idyut. I wants ter have de whole school ketch de disease, so as I kin have some uv de fellers ter play wid.

fiercely. "Pray, what is Dennis to you?" he inquired. "My betrothed," said Anne, defiantly, "and you are a brute."

Oh, Anne, Anne, to think that you were only an ordinary girl after all my trouble with you!

A Letter to Arlo.

[A reply to Mr. Arlo Bates' verse, "England's Triumph," copied from New York "Life" in SATURDAY NIGHT of June 23rd.]

EVE read your "poem," Arlo Dear, We do not like it much; The metre is fantastical, The sentiments are Dutch.

You've got a dire disease, my boy, You're captured by a germ; Its name is Angiophobia, It makes its victims squirm.

If thus you hate the Britisher, And thus the Boer adore, Why weren't you with the happy band, That left Chicago's shore?

They left the pork metropolis, Beneath the Red Cross sign, They sneaked behind those sacred folds, To join the Kruger line.

Our John Canuck respects the Boers, Their fighting's simply fine; But at such stuff as Yankee cranks He begs to draw the line.

As for the brave Chicago lads— Who wore the cross of red— They fell, with bullets in the spine, And tumbled as they fled.

Your place was with them, Arlo Dear, Please go and die, out there; And leave this noble continent, To breathe a purer air.

ERIN GRAHAM.

Standing Up For Canada.



ALT, who goes there? "Two Americans." "Pass two Americans, all's well."

It was the British sentry, whose business it was to see that no British subject should blow up the Maitland railroad bridge, spanning what in winter they call a river in South Africa; in summer a sluit.

The two Americans were the writer and a Canadian friend, travelling towards the Maitland camp, where some good Canucks, suffering from fever, were resting prior to their despatch to England.

Now, Maitland is about four miles from the South African metropolis and Table Bay, yet every bit of bridge-work and culvert is guarded as strictly as if you were in the enemy's country.

A colonial Boer who votes and in other ways uses his position as a citizen, would think nothing of destroying a culvert on the line of railways, then returning home to read his Bible and pray—not for having done wrong in trying to murder his fellow-subjects, but because he is built that way.

Owing to the darkness of the night we were right within the camp lines, and had fallen over the tent-pegs into the tent itself.

"See here, stranger, that's not the way in. Who are you?"

"Where are the Canadians located?" we asked.

"Why, I guess we are the lads you are looking for. Shipped us down from Bloemfontein yesterday; as soon as we are fit they intend to send us home. Pass right inside. We're so glad to see you. What's your town like? Pretty small place, isn't it? Anyway, the hearts of some of your citizens are in the right place. Somebody put a notice in your newspaper saying that we were down sick, and quite a few packages of cigarettes, tea-cakes, jams, etc., have been sent in. All specially labelled, 'For the Canadians from Paardeberg.'"

"The people remember that we are fellow-colonials," chimed in a New South Wales Lancer, who had strayed in to that tent for a chat.

"Well, that may be," said a C.M.R. boy; "personally, I have no use for that word Australia. Hurrah for Canada; we can hold up our end."

"By Jiminy, rather!" said the others. At which Australia expressed great surprise. "Very rarely," said he, "do I hear these Canucks talk of England. It's all about Canada, and when they don't talk about Canada they sing the Maple Leaf. Don't they just ride and shoot well? My word! I saw that man over there," pointing to a Montreal lad—

"Now, that will do," said this particular Canadian. "Because I drew a bead on an old Boer up a tree at over 900 yards and fixed him, our friend is struck. Why, out west there—"

Here came a most extraordinary fish story, listened to with marked attention.

"Have a drop of wine," said I, handing over a bottle of Cape sherry.

"We will. Now, then, Australia, where is that 'billy' of yours, not that you'll get more than your share, even if you brought a bucket. Here's luck to Roberts and our boys at the front. Here's luck to ourselves."

"Ah! that's a little better than aqua pura."

"Any news to-night?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, Roberts has Johannesburg."

"Tell us all about it. Is Pretoria far away? Why, if I had not caught this d— fever I'd have been right up

there by this time. Think of it, Morrison. Just my luck." "True again," says Morrison, "but 'Daddy' gave us a good show in the Free State. Some of the others must get a chance, too. Of course, to be 'in it' would mean a big time; still, my rheumatics have knocked a lot of energy out of me." And when he was well on the way to describe his ailments, somebody discovered a copy of a Canadian newspaper containing a cartoon picturing Canada and Australia, as two giants, while John Bull, a fat figure about a quarter their height, was in the middle. The words at the bottom read: "Can it be possible that I am not the whole thing?"

"Look er here, Australia," but the New South Wales Lancer had decamped. He returned presently, though, with a raw Englishman who had never ventured fifty miles from his home before, and thought England the country that kept other parts of the Empire from starvation.

"How does that strike you, Mr. Imperial Yeomanry?" "Werry funny, werry funny." But the idea was lost on him. He took the small figure to be Mr. Kroodger, adding: "Hengland would soon finish hori them Boers."

"Fancy that loaning a hand to keep us off the rocks! But we've got a bit of work to finish in South Africa, so we won't hurt his feelings."

"Good night, good night, friends. Run up again if you can." A few minutes later we once more heard the sentry's challenge, to which we replied, "The same two Americans."

received instructions to pass, making our way on foot to Cape Town along the railroad, which, from Table Bay to Mafeking, Algoa Bay, and East London, to Johannesburg, is forever being patrolled by troops. A big work, well done.

H. MAGNESS-ELGAR.

*Meaning Lord Roberts, V.C.

Leaves From a Cynic's Diary.

MAN was made to mourn, and woman was made to see that he fulfils his mission.

The losing team invariably has one secret consolation, and that is that IT is the best.

When the politicians commence to prove to your face that you're prosperous, it's time to chain a bulldog to your pocketbook.

The fellow who has least business of his own always does the most worrying about other people's business.

A New York judge says there's no longer such a thing as sentimental love. He has probably been too busy adjudicating divorce suits to have ever watched Transcendental Twenty and Soft Sixteen in a hammock.

Worldly-minded men agree with the missionaries that Chinamen should be sent to Heaven, but prefer the gunpowder to the gospel route for John.

Slaughtering the Innocents.



BOYS are often thoughtlessly cruel, and there are, perhaps, few Canadians, country-bred, who cannot remember having caught, and pulled to pieces both wild and tame bees, to get at the infinitesimal taste of sweets stored in the little creatures' honeysacks. Many a field of dandelions, of mulleins, or of thistles, in the quiet outskirts of Ontario towns and villages, is haunted during the lazy summer afternoons by barefooted young rascals who thoughtlessly prey on the busy wee workers there gathering their winter stores of food. The lumbering, rollicking bumble-bee is the favorite victim—he is so slow of movement, and carries such a big dinner under his black and yellow jacket. Nine boys out of ten cannot resist the temptation to "gather in" the inoffensive bumble-bee, as he lies half drunk on the petals of the thistle bloom, and to rend him limb from limb for the small, almost inappreciable pleasure of drinking the tiny drop of golden nectar inside.

This practice, like many other boyish practices—the killing of birds and toads, for example—is cruel; thoughtlessly so, perhaps, for in most cases boys do not stop to consider that such small things have nerves and feelings. It is also injurious to the interests of the human race itself, as a moment's reflection will show. Bees, as everyone who has studied botany knows, serve a most useful purpose in pollinating the blossoms they visit, thus making fruits and seeds possible. Both birds and toads keep down insect pests, and the great plagues of caterpillars that have swept over the more northerly portions of Ontario during the past three years, destroying both orchards and forests, are attributed largely to the disappearance of the insectivorous native birds, which have been cruelly preyed upon not alone by the sparrow and the cow-bird, but by the much more destructive egg-collector and the fool with a gun.

Toads are regarded by the average small boy as legitimate targets for stones, and could not be more cruelly persecuted by ignorant and thoughtless persons if they were the most venomous, instead of the most harmless, reptiles in the world.

Wild bees of all kinds are said to be rapidly disappearing. Bees do not keep down insect pests, as birds and toads do, but they are amongst the best friends the fruitgrower has. It is only in recent years that there has been a general recognition of the great work done by the bee for the horticulturist. It would be a bad day for the fruit men if the welfare of these myriads of ceaseless workers was jeopardized. Yet how many farmers have instructed their boys that the wild bees ought to be encouraged and protected? Not only are the inoffensive creatures robbed of their stores and driven off when their nests are discovered, or murdered singly in the fields as they go about their business, but the spraying of orchards with insecticides, rendered necessary largely because the birds and toads are disappearing, has been the means of still further decimating the bees.

Not even so destructive a creature as the grasshopper should be tortured and torn by self-respecting Canadian boys and girls. Kill him, but don't tear his legs off and leave him to a lingering misery. The persecution of every

little living thing, including the useful bees, toads and birds, is a slur not only on the humanity, but on the intelligence of young Canada.

LANCE.

The Methodist Club.

Editor "Saturday Night": I read your remarks relative to the above, on the 23rd inst., but hesitated addressing you thereon, lest what I have to say upon the matter would be deemed unsuitable for your columns. However, your invitation in last issue constrains me to send the following:

The members of the Methodist Church who recently met at the Metropolitan deserve the heartiest thanks of the young men of Toronto. Truly there appears to be a shaking amongst the dry bones of modern Christianity, and it would seem as though the last months of the present century were to see the inauguration of an attempt to follow, at least in one direction, in what I believe to be the true footsteps of the Great Teacher.

Whether or not it be a fact, as reported to be stated by Mr. J. R. L. Starr, "so far as the young men are concerned, the Church of the present day is a dismal failure," it is a great question as to whether the churches of all denominations do or do not live up to what some of us believe as their true mission, in practically only opening their doors one day in the week, and (in a sense) closing them the other six.

What we do need is certainly a muscular Christianity, or at any rate a Christianity that practically endeavors to live up to the spirit and teachings of a living Christ, a spirit directing and controlling our every-day actions in business and social circles, that enables a man to boldly stand up and give a reason for the hope that is in him, and that dares to defend itself in aggressive action if need be, not necessarily pugilistic, but argumentatively convincing, and without question, in that way not to be put down or "punched" without a vigorous, manly attempt to hold his own. Paul declared, "I have fought a good fight," and assuredly he did so.

In order to meet the needs of "a growing age," we ought to provide places where "our boys" can go, day or evening, unaccompanied by the influences of the average saloon, theater or pool-room, etc., and not always be compelled, on week evenings, to sit and listen to carefully prepared discourses, to sing hymns, or be wearied with long theological "experiences," but rather where they can meet with kindred manly spirits, read instructive literature, enjoy competitive games of skill, discuss and debate the topics of the day, and while away leisure time in healthy, helpful harmony.

To my mind, it is scarcely conceivable that anything which uplifts and is calculated to ennoble our young men is really derogatory to the Church of Christ, and any university man will bear me out, there is something inspiring in our good old English game of cricket, and I guess my Canadian brothers will say ditto of baseball, and even I believe the indoor games of chess or checkers are instructive pastime. Yet, by all means let the Church continue to do its Sabbath work, and likewise provide for the week-day places as now proposed, wholly and solely apart from the sacred edifices. I am no goody-goody, yet distinctly believe in the inspired writings, and methinks there is a great deal of reverence and dignity to lose in the wearers of the "white tie," and yet those who wear it worthily need have little fear of losing either. Doubtless, Mr. Parsons and myself are one, though we appear opposite.

Without, however, either advocating or censuring billiards, smoking, cards, etc., would it not be well for us, in all charity to those who think different, to consider seriously whether, instead of continuing a narrow policy of telling our young men, you must not do this or that, it is not better to open up more facilities for the legitimate expansion of the mind, healthy exercise for the body, and social intercourse, without enforced religious teaching, except that of example, on the lines and in the belief that if our young men have such good examples set them of a vital Christianity, they will of themselves eschew the evils complained of in, and attendant upon, drink, tobacco, cards, etc., and, prompted by the Divine nature in each one of us, choose a higher, nobler moral path?

Membership of any church, Total Abstinence Society, or Epworth League, is unquestionably good, but a youth or young man does not want, nor is it well for him, to be every week evening at either one of these, and leading men from alleged evil to good is certainly preferable to driving them; and further, the Cross of Calvary is still, and ever will be, the one great attraction.

For over two years an effort has been made in this city to start something on the lines of a popular institute in London, England, known as "Toynbee Hall," where (as by a perusal of the directory in our Public Library will be seen) they have at least a dozen facilities, as those now contemplated, for intellectual and physical education, recreation, and social intercourse, etc. It embraced several "details" mentioned at the Metropolitan as being desirable, and at last the City Council has taken up, and is considering, one of them.

Whilst the head Methodist clergy are busy with their Twentieth Century Fund, this club suggestion, by its laity is a definite working one for the every-day life and practical training of the future leaders and pillars of Methodism, and with such level-headed business men leading the movement, it should take deep root and speedy, definite shape. Were Jesus Christ in the flesh in Toronto to-day, I verily believe of the two proposals He would prefer the latter.

History, however, repeats itself, for Martin Luther, John Wesley, John Howard, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, John Livesay, George Peabody, and William Booth are names the very mention whereof will remind the careful retentive reader of the great work in each case associated therewith, and yet none of these men and women would take the credit to themselves, but rather emphatically concur that they simply tried to evidence the spirit of a living self-sacrificing Christ, and not a cold formal Christianity, as deplored by Mr. Starr. The self-same spirit may surely be credited to the promoters of this new movement, and therefore I heartily wish them god-speed and the proposed club every success.

Yours truly,

WASCANA.

Toronto, 30th June.

The Chinese Crisis.



ADMIRAL SEYMOUR, COMMANDING INTERNATIONAL FORCES.



BARON VON KETTELER, THE MURDERED GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

In June.

We lingered one sweet hour beside the shore, The waves a gentle spray around us threw; The moonless skies a darkened aspect wore, And cold the winds in from the waters blew; But 'twas not cold as there we sat apart, Nor dark, though darkness seemed to drape the skies, 'Twas warm, because pulsated your warm heart, And bright, for brightly shone your glorious eyes.

"ENDYMION."

Studio and Gallery

THE ladies of Washington attempted to form an art salon after the usual form of salons, and with an admixture of the social element inseparable from the manipulation of such a scheme by ladies, especially non-professional ladies. The artists, the gentlemen we presume, particularly, grew uneasy, as gentlemen are prone to do, under what, to them, seemed superfluous and extraneous, and failed to quite appreciate the effort on behalf of art. Consequently these two elements, the social and the art element, were not found in harmony. How far art societies should seek to utilize existing social conditions as an element in their success is a question which has had to be faced before. To ignore or deliberately turn the face of the social life of a place is both foolish and futile. The crowd will keep together, after the fashion of crowds, and it will move on. Social life is a necessity to our existence, that is to the existence of a rational, fully developed life. The society or the individual opposes the natural constitution of things that removes itself from the association of fellow-mortals. The perfected condition of human existence, which we call Heaven, never holds out as one of its attractions. Isolation is a multitude no man can number, an associated multitude. This principle crowds our cities, even when there is not enough to eat in them for everybody.

For artists individually to associate themselves with all the conventionalities of social life is suicidal to their art, and to the professional members of art societies should not be left the work of keeping society in the train of art. So, for the social end of art society, there could be non-professional members prepared to give time and thought to pushing the interests of the society, to the mutual benefit of both. A celebrated evangelist was once reproved for his methods by an aged minister. "You fish," said the elder, "with a weaver's beam for a pole, a cart rope for a line, and a pot-hook for a hook. You slash the water, and say, 'Bite or be damned.'" So some of our art societies merely say, "Go or be-ahem." Naturally, in human perverseness, the people do neither.

We believe in utilizing the social conditions, in acting in harmony with them where doing so involves no moral principle. Humanity is fond of play. Wisely, it plays, for not to play is to provoke insanity or physical failure. To associate art and play is a most natural union. Italians, Florentines, Greeks joined these two with good results, when reasonably managed. The success of the Loan Portrait Exhibition held here recently was due to its social evenings, when people played. The Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibition this year was one of its most successful, from the point of attendance, because it paid more attention to existing conditions.

The National Gallery of London has been deprived of valuable paintings, amongst them the superb Reynolds "Lady Cockburn and Her Children," which has been sold to a private individual. The involved pictures, it seems, were left illegally to the gallery by Lady Hamilton. Eight years after, the relatives discovered the error and reclaimed them. They have been sold at auction. The Reynolds referred to was one of the gems of the National collection. We must suppose poverty to be the excuse for this claiming of such goods. The general good was much better served by leaving the Reynolds to the nation. But personal good and the general good get badly mixed in all our minds at times.

The artistic reputation of George Romney has passed through many vicissitudes since the days when his studio in Cavendish Square was thronged with fashionable sitters, and the great Sir Joshua himself regarded him as a serious rival. "Romney and Reynolds," said a Lord Chancellor of that period, "divide the town, and I am of the Romney faction." But Romney's reputation faded rapidly after his death in 1802, and in the thirty years that followed his name and pictures of the once popular portrait painter have again become fashionable.

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able. Now the pendulum has swung back with a vengeance, and one wonders what Croker would think if he could see the despised homeboys fetching thousands of pounds readily enough when they come under the hammer at galleries of art.

Public appreciation of the merits of departed friends is sweet to those who have lost them, and is a fitting tribute to their efforts. Many will read with gratification the following letter from the Marquis of Lorne to a friend of the late L. R. O'Brien, R. C. A.:

Kensington Palace, W.,
February 27th, 1900.
Dear Mr.
I was greatly shocked and grieved at the unexpected news of Mr. O'Brien's death. I had not heard of it until your letter came to Mr. Spielmann, and deeply deplore the loss of my old friend. I had arranged that he should be represented at the Paris Exhibition by one of the pictures he painted for me, but of course it is much best that the work he and you liked should be sent. I had the strongest reasons to appreciate his tact and excellence of heart and head at the time of the founding of the Royal Canadian Academy, and for many years afterwards in its management, and no better president could have been found. It is largely due to him that the difficult initial stages of the life of this institution were safely



EXAMPLES OF CANADIAN ART, No. 10—"AT LOW TIDE," BY R. F. GAGEN, O.S.A.

passed, and that the Academy became a national possession.
Believe me, yours very truly,
LORNE.

The co-operation of the artist and the cabinet-maker for decorative ends is a natural conjunction. But that the cabinet-maker should be himself an artist is also necessary in order to produce beautiful furniture. Lines of beauty, flowing, simple, are particularly noticeable in furniture and are particularly gratifying. Simplicity of form and freedom from over-decoration are also charms desirable. And again, utility forms a large part of the excellence of furniture. We have been particularly struck with this recently in the designing of the furniture for a bedroom by Frank Brangwyn, London. All the articles, in unpolished cherrywood, are prepared with a view to beauty, and especially with a view to the greatest possible use for the smallest possible space. A folding dressing-table, which, when closed, looks like a very plain writing desk, without drawers, contains in its cover depths not only a looking-glass but small compartments sufficient for the completing of a most finished toilet. The cabinet-maker who is not alive to the demands for artistic productions, and who for cheapness or prejudice falls behind in the march of aesthetic wants, will no doubt find his customers, and they may be many; but the houses which are being built and furnished in the Old Land, and some here in Toronto, are not being constructed on the old lines, and tasteful people are looking for more excellent things. A very beautiful sideboard attracted our attention in the store of Charles Rogers, Yonge street. As high only as an ordinary table, with low back, of polished cherry, its lines of form are its chief charm. The front sweeps in a double curve, graceful and simple, its only decoration being a double line of narrow inlaid light wood. Its holding capacity is out of all proportion to its size. This sideboard is quite their own production. Another beautiful object, a secretaire of dark polished wood, also extremely free from hard and stiff lines, is more elaborately decorated with designs in inlaid light wood, designs which, if applied to the surface of the object would be obtrusive, but which are retiring and modest, being inlaid. In all their mantel-places the same simplicity of style is observable, and there is an intelligent adaptation to the surroundings in the color of wood, the tiles, and the brass or bronze finishings. The appropriate decoration and furnishing of a room depend largely on the beautiful forms it contains. The furniture is a large part of these forms, and therefore attention to their grace and beauty produces a restful and harmonious whole.

JEAN GRANT.

Your Holidays: Where?

The holiday-maker, with a week, ten days, two weeks, or longer, with twenty, thirty, fifty dollars or more, can arrange a pleasant outing through the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., 2 King street east. No more pleasant or healthful outing can be had than a sail through the lakes and majestic River St. Lawrence, with its beautiful Thousand Islands, rapids and wonderful scenery. The steamers of this company are staunch, seaworthy and commodious, fitted up with the sole idea of comfort and convenience. Nothing can contribute to that end has been omitted. The officers are uniformly courteous, gentlemanly and obliging. Mr. J. E. Dolan, 2 King street east, is the Toronto representative.

live, and will cheerfully give all information. Intending holiday-makers should obtain the illustrated guide, "Niagara to the Sea."—Adv't.

Scenery and Weather in Fiction.

A VERY admirable magazine article might be written on the subject of scenery and weather in fiction, suggests the July "Bookman." We are quite convinced that in ninety-nine out of every one hundred novels, when the author turns from narrative or dialogue to a description of the surrounding forest or of the nearby pool or of the "tall Corinthian pillars of the stately old southern home," or of the hazy blue mountains in the distance, he or she is simply making so many lines of utterly meaningless words. This sort of padding is the most convenient and the easiest in the whole repertoire of the third rate craftsman or craftswoman. Besides, if the author is really seeking a serious effect, no province of fiction offers such opportunities for polite theft—or, to quote the words of the great French romancer, "literary conquest." Dip into an author of thirty or forty years ago, make a few unimportant minor changes, ruin his syntax, and you have two or three pages of copy without much trouble and with very little danger of incurring the charge of plagiarism.

ed, with intervals of quiet when one or other had been wounded, from March till the end of December. In this time they killed and ate twenty-eight Indians, and it is believed at least twice this number of natives, Swahills and the like, besides wounding and attacking others. They attacked white engineers, doctors, soldiers and military officers, armed Abyssinians, askaris, sepoys, bunnahs, coolies and porters. Some they clawed, some they devoured, some they carried off and left sticking in thorn fences because they could not drag them through. At first they contented to take one man between them. Before the end of their career they would take a man apiece on the same night, sometimes from the same hut or campfire.

A Jewish Tribute to England.

MORRIS ROSENFELD, whose Yiddish verse attracted a good deal of attention some two years ago, and who has subsequently attempted verse-writing in English, has written the following lines, which the July "Bookman" published partly because it is interesting to find in Mr. Rosenfeld an enthusiastic sympathizer with England, and also because these lines give some indication of his advance in the study and practical mastery of English. It will be seen that he has lost the quaintness and naivete of his Ghetto poetry, without acquiring any real facility in English versification; yet perhaps what we are now printing may be held to represent a period of transition, and that ultimately he will do work in the English language which can be admired without any reference to the fact that he was born to the use of another tongue:

I SING FOR OLD ENGLAND.
I sing for old England, I sing and I pray,
I sing for old England, whatever you say.
My heart is with England in Africa far,
My heart is with England in peace and in war.

Not Russia I love, not the land of the Bear,
Although in sweet childhood I played over there;
No spot in all Europe is nearer to me Than England, dear England, far over the sea.

For England it was that first taught me to sing
The sweet song of freedom 'n life's early spring;
For England 't was that first gave me her hand
When hopeless I left a tyrannical land.

How would proud old Europe not be full of sighs
Were England to close for a moment her eyes!
Oppression and thrall would regain their old might,
And cover the nations with darkness and night.

O, what would become of my brother, the Jew,
Were not dear Britannia so friendly and true?
Who would to the homeless give shelter and rest
If not kind old England, the dearest and best?

Therefore, I love England and sing her my lay,
Therefore I love England, whatever you say;
For, save dear Columbia, the land of the free,
There is but one England so precious to me.

No Room For Dyspepsia.

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Humanity has been afflicted with Dyspepsia, Indigestion and other stomach diseases since the world began. But until lately there were no Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure these complaints.

In years gone by people had to suffer from Dyspepsia, etc. To-day there is no more need to do so than there is for a millionaire to starve with hunger. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure Dyspepsia as easily and almost as quickly as the millionaire's dollars buy his food.

There is nothing boastful in this assertion. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cannot help curing these diseases. They cannot possibly have any other effect, once they are taken into the stomach.

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Lo Feng Luh.

EVERYONE is talking of China just now, and that mysterious Empire is sharing with South Africa a large measure of public attention. One of the most picturesque figures from the Flowery Land among us, says an English contemporary, is the Chinese Ambassador Sir Chi Chen Lo Feng Luh, K.C.V.O. About eight o'clock in the evening a dark green brougham, with an English coachman and footman, but bearing no crest, or coat of arms, may often be seen standing outside the door of the Chinese Embassy in Portland Place. It is waiting to drive His Excellency to the theatre. Soon the curious may see the big black front

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door open and a middle-aged man, with a black, straggling moustache and wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, emerges, and enters the carriage. The Ambassador is a great patron of the theatre, and is especially fond of musical comedy and light farce. His English is excellent, quite colloquial in fact, and he is the personal friend of many leading actors and actresses.

Lo Feng Luh smokes very little indeed, and only very occasionally does he take a cigarette. Although he is fond of the cooking of his own country—there are several Chinese cooks at the Embassy—he is in favor of our English beverages. On more than one occasion he has expressed himself as delighted with the flavor, and also with the recuperative properties of good British stout.

It Did Not Wink.

"Abbotsford!" said a girl who was an ardent lover of Scott's novels to another who questioned her about her travels. "Don't ask me about Abbotsford! I suppose I saw all there was to see, but there was just one thing for me in the whole world that day, and that was an aching wisdom-tooth!"

"Clovell," said another traveller, "is said to be the quaintest village in England. It is also the stoniest and steepest; and I was breaking in a pair of new boots there, and they were half a size too small. My impressions of the place are not rosy."

Of the same kind is an anecdote told of a group of American tourists recently in Egypt. They had ridden out to see the Sphinx, and were gazing in mute awe at the majestic stone figure, staring with its solemn eyes across the desert and the centuries. For some time no one spoke. At length a girl, whose nerves, like heat, the stillness and the oppressive immobility of the mighty image wrought to a pitch of intolerable tension, broke the silence.

"You horrid, horrid, horrid, beast!" she cried vehemently to the couchant monster. "Why don't you wink, just once, and then I shouldn't hate you so!"

'Twas Ever Thus.

If you earn a thousand yearly.
You think two thousand yearly
Would be just the proper figure to make
your happiness complete;
But your income when it doubles
Only multiplies your troubles.
For the tempo then increases, and the ends they still don't meet.
—Chicago "News."

Concerning Heroes.

It will be interesting to see how the heroes of the South African war will weather the flattery that awaits them. It will be a pretty hard test of character. Lord Roberts will come through it with all his wits about him and with all his moral qualities in trim working order. So, probably, will General Baden-Powell and some others; but, reasoning from precedents, we must expect to see the majority of heroes somewhat damaged. The odds are against them. By the time the public has regained its senses the hero has lost his. It is the usual way the story ends, and there is no means of insuring him against it. You cannot make people moderate toward their heroes just for fear of spoiling them. When a generous emotion is at high tide, and the bands are playing and the boys are bellowing through the megaphone, and the variously distorted features of the idol are displayed from every house front, it is not always creditable to be judicious. "He that hath not a dram of folly in his composition hath pounds of a worse material." A man may hold himself in check at such a time and say only what is wise. It may be that his wisdom dominates his impulses. But perhaps he lacks the impulses. It may be that he has a heart like a cold-bashed ham. We cannot admire him until we know. So far as he himself is concerned, no man need be ashamed of the foolish things he said to or about heroes when the fit was on him. As well regret the intemperate language of his honeymoon.—N.Y. "Commercial Advertiser."

Will Not Step Down.

The following extract from "Truth" is of interest to Canadians, because there are several cases of the same kind in Canada:
"One of the West country papers describes the report of the Bishop of Truro's resignation as premature, as it seems his health has improved in spite of his unfortunate collapse at Helston and his inability to take some confirmations which had been arranged. I have reason to believe that the report is perfectly correct, and the word premature probably signifies that Dr. Gott's intention has not yet been communicated to the Primate, through whom such news passes to the Prime Minister, and from him to the Queen."

"It would be a very good thing indeed for the Church if Bishops would always resign directly they are past work, either from age or infirmity. Bishop Gott's predecessor at Truro set a very good example in this respect by vacating the See directly he discovered that his health had broken down badly. As a rule Bishops stick, with limpet-like pertinacity, to palace, throne, stipend and patronage, until

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

the last breath has been drawn. The fact is that a Bishop's relatives are always opposed to his resignation, a step which at once relegates themselves to their original obscurity and insignificance. I know of two Bishops who have died within the last twenty years, both of whom were incapacitated for a considerable period, and they were actually prevented from resigning by their wives. Each of these ladies was the Bishop of the diocese, de facto, for some time, and dispensed all patronage. Sydney Smith has recorded that within his own experience he had known, as the mind of the prelate decayed, "wife bishops, daughter bishops, butler bishops, and cook and housekeeper bishops."

His Reason.

"What is your favorite recitation?" asked the hostess.
"Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," answered Mr. Blykins, with a promptness which was almost defiant.
"Why, nobody recites that any more!"
"That is why I like it,"—Washington "Star."

Illustrations of Fiction.

Those who complain of the falling off in the quality of illustrations, may or may not be justified, but this much is certain: The young man and the young woman that interrupt the pages of the average short story are abominably plain, and they seem to be growing plainer every day. This is the way it strikes the reader, whether or not he is fitted to judge the technical quality of the work. When he sees this couple in the tender scenes—and it is the tender scenes that the artist insists on drawing—he marvels that they can stand it at such close quarters. People that look like that ought to hide. These illustrations undo all the author's careful work, and editors ought to realize that they are worse than none at all. When a character on whom the text has lavished every charm appears so unattractive in the illustrations, it is bound to give the impression that somebody is lying. The young woman could not really love him. Often it seems as if the draughtsman were in some way holding the writer up to ridicule. "Why do you avoid me, dearest?" he will make some ill-favored lover ask, when the reason is disastrously evident.—New York "Commercial Advertiser."

No Talker Chinese.

"It's a funny thing what a hurry some people are always in," said the assistant at a music shop the other day. "Whatever they do or say is done or said in an 'I'll-get-it-over-as-soon-as-I-can' sort of manner. A curious-looking individual, not unlike an Anglized Chinaman, rushed in here the other day, and in one breath remarked: "VeyouthlibrettooSanToy?" "I said, 'I beg your pardon?'" "VeyouthlibrettooSanToy?" "I jumped to the conclusion that he must be a Celestial, so I ventured to observe, blandly: "Velly sorry, no talker Chinese!" "What in thunder are you driving at?" was the response. "Do you mean to insult me? If you've got the book of words of the musical play San Toy say so. If you haven't, I'll go elsewhere!"

Very Simple.

My first's a human being.
My second's a bird.
My whole is a plant
Of which you have heard.
Answer — ?



MUSIC

MONDAY night witnessed the closing exercises of the Toronto College of Music at the Pavilion Music Hall in the presence of a large gathering of students and their friends. The Hon. Richard Harcourt honored the occasion by performing the important function of presenting the medals and certificates to the successful pupils. During the evening the Hon. Minister of Education paid a graceful tribute to the good work being accomplished by the institution, and made special reference to the services of the capable and painstaking director, Mr. Torrington. He was particularly interested in the college for two reasons—first, because it was affiliated with the University of Toronto, whose graduates reflected so much honor upon the Dominion, and in the second place because it encouraged the study of music in the public schools. The students who took part in the programme formed a brilliant representation of the pupil talent of the college. They were Misses Florence Walton, May Mawhinney, Eileen Millett, Anna Watson and J. F. Tilley, vocalists; Misses Effie Houghton, Alice Welsman, Lillian Porter, Lillian Landell, Eleanor Kennedy, Beatrice Dent and Miss Marquis, pianists; and Miss Louise Catharine Proctor, gold medalist of the School of Elocution, 1900. Among the pupils who displayed special talents were the Misses Lillian Porter, a public school pupil, Eleanor Kennedy, Marquis, Alice Welsman and Effie Houghton. Miss Welsman played Hiller's difficult concerto in F minor with facile technique and excellent interpretative expression. It may be mentioned that Miss Eleanor Kennedy gave Liszt's popular and difficult Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12.

The pupils who received medals, certificates and diplomas were as follows: Gold medals—Vocal music—Anna Watson. Piano—Lillian Porter. Artist diploma—Vocal—Anna Watson. Piano—Lillian Porter, Kate Bryce Marquis, Maud L. Nixon, Violet May Jackson, Effie Houghton. Theory diploma—Mr. George D. Atkinson. Theory certificate—Miss Gertrude V. Anderson. Teacher's certificates—Piano—Adelaide Armstrong, Lizzie Blackhall, Caroline Morrison, Edith M. Davies, Vocal—Anna Watson.

Testimonials—Third year piano—Beatrice Dent, Mr. George D. Atkinson, Maud L. Nixon, Gretta Moffatt, Winifred Dingman, Miss V. M. Jackson, Constance Fitzgerald, Lillian Preston, Maud L. Nixon, Kate Bryce Marquis, Edna Hoag, Vocal—Annie Mottram. Miss Alice Welsman has done all the practical work required for artist's diploma, subject to theory.

The trustees of the Massey Hall have announced that they have appointed Mr. Stewart Houston manager of the Hall for the coming season. They state that they have decided to continue even more actively, if possible, the late policy of bringing the best artists in the musical world to Toronto. Mr. Stewart Houston, the new manager, has had a good deal of experience in local concert work, and had much to do with the success here of the tour of Godfrey's British Band, and his regime at the Massey Hall will be watched with much interest. It is pretty well understood that the Hall has not as yet made any profits on its operations. It is a pity that the trustees do not extend the field of their work. Last season we had the experience of seeing the greatest grand opera company in the country being compelled to give performances in the Grand Opera House, and as that theater has a small auditorium almost prohibitive prices had to be charged, with the result that the masses of the musical public were frozen out. Had the Massey Hall been provided with the proper accessories and fittings the company could have appeared there at reasonable rates and yet have had a good prospect of satisfactory financial returns. There is no reason why there should not be an operatic festival at the Massey Hall every year. It could be made a grand feature of the season, and would probably attract music-lovers from all the adjacent towns and cities. This is a matter that the trustees would do well to take into their serious consideration.

Miss Bessie Bousall, the popular Toronto contralto, is in town on a three weeks' visit. Miss Bousall has been meeting with much success in New York, and is contralto soloist at two important churches there.

Last Sunday being Dominion Day, a pleasing feature was introduced into the service at St. Simon's Church, in the form of a Dominion hymn written by the Marquis of Lorne whilst Governor-General of Canada. The music was composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and it was first performed at Rideau Hall by an orchestra and chorus under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. As sung by the choir of St. Simon's on Sunday the hymn was a great success, being both impressive and congregational.

Three talented pupils of Mr. Thomas Martin gave a very successful piano recital on Thursday of last week, at Nordheimer Hall, London, Ontario. They were the Misses Isabelle Armstrong, Katharine Fraser and Helen Green. The character of the

programme will be gathered from a mention of some of the numbers. Miss Green played Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, with orchestra accompaniment rendered on a second piano by Mr. Martin, and, last, Kjerulf's Berceuse and Chaminade's Valse Caprice. Miss Armstrong gave Rachmaninoff's now well-known Prelude, Chopin's Nocturne, in C sharp minor, Moszkowski's Valse in D flat, and the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor. Miss Fraser contributed Schumann's Concerto in A minor, Raff's La Filleuse, and Liszt's Rhapsody XI. The "Free Press" in speaking of the recital says: "Mr. Martin has succeeded in imparting to his pupils that indefinable quality of style and finish that makes his own playing such a delight to the cultivated ear." On June 20, Miss Winifred Dingman, another clever pupil of Mr. Martin, gave a most interesting recital at Stratford. This young lady played the Mendelssohn Concerto in G minor with much brilliancy of execution and plasticity of touch. She was assisted by Miss Gertrude Watson, vocalist, whose singing added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Mr. August Manns, the venerable conductor of the Crystal Palace concerts, London, is quite optimistic as to the state of music in England. To an interviewer of the "Daily News" he is reported to have said: "But now all is changed, and so much changed that instead of your being behind the rest of Europe you are in the very forefront. Love of good music is as sincere here as in Germany. Nay, I go further. I have lately received programmes of music from some of the German spas, and I find that they are exactly the same as Strauss and others used to provide sixty years ago. They have not progressed a bit. There is hardly a place musically speaking in the whole of Europe which can compare with the Crystal Palace. The execution, too, of the orchestral players is wonderfully improving also. When the Palace opened there was only one high-class orchestral band in England—Michael Costa's at the Royal Italian Opera—and that band played everywhere. There are many, at least four in London alone, that are quite as good, and it was a magnificent band."

Referring to several letters I have received—I cannot undertake to reply to communications through the post. Enquiries must be of such a nature, and as reasonable in the demand for information, as will permit of answers being made in this column.

The commencement exercises in connection with the Conservatory of Music took place in the Music Hall on Thursday evening last, on which occasion a large audience was present. Dr. Edward Fisher spoke briefly of the aims and progress of the institution, and announced that the gold medalist in the pianoforte department, Miss Bessie Cowan, was unable to be present. A short and interesting musical programme was then most acceptably rendered by the following honor graduates: Misses Mabel F. Groome, Queenie McCoy, Florence I. Brown, Ruby D. Akin, Grace Emmett, Blanche Badgley, Bertha H. Smith, Constance Tandy, the teachers represented being Messrs. J. W. F. Harrison, Rechab Tandy, A. S. Vogt, Mrs. Dorothea Adamson, Dr. Edward Fisher and Dr. Albert Ham. The presentation of medals and diplomas was made by the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, whose accompanying address to the graduates was both earnest and helpful. The gold medalists were Miss Bessie Cowan, final pianoforte, and Mr. T. A. Reed, final theory, while the following partial scholarships were awarded: Intermediate examination, piano department, Miss Alice L. Evans, Toronto; Junior examination, piano, Miss Lena Martin, Chesham; special competition for the Gerhard Heintzman scholarship, Miss Eugenie Quehen, Toronto; Intermediate examination, voice, Miss Jennie E. Williams, Toronto; Junior examination, voice, Miss Edith Crawford, Toronto; Intermediate examination, theory, Miss Madeline Schiff, Toronto. The graduates who received diplomas were: Piano, artists' course, Miss Bessie Cowan, Toronto; Miss Constance Tandy, Kingston; Miss Blanche Badgley, Toronto; Miss Grace Emmett, Pontiac; Miss Florence I. Brown, Toronto; Miss Mabel I. Groome, St. Catharines; Miss Mary L. Hollinrake, Milton; Miss Lillian M. W. Peene, Hamilton. Piano, teachers' course, Mr. Napier Durand, Toronto; Miss Leslie Horner, Toronto; Miss Mabel S. Hicks, Toronto; Miss Mabel Deeks, Toronto; Organ, Miss Ruby McLeod, Ingersoll. Vocal, Miss Queenie McCoy, Toronto; Miss Elizabeth E. Morin, Welland; Miss Lillian Stickle, Sterling; Miss Lena May Perry, Toronto; Miss Wilhelmina Spencer, West Lorne; Miss Eleda M. Perley, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby; Miss Georgina Young, Toronto; Miss Frances H. Crosby, Unionville; Miss Lena M. Wherry, Clinton; Miss Mary Louise Hamlen, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mabel C. Chew, Midland; Miss Laura Mary McAmmond, Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby; Miss Carrie Scenes, Port Perry; Theory, Mr. T. A. Reed, Toronto; Miss Marjorie FitzGibbon, Toronto; Miss Rachel E. A. Wilson, Toronto; Miss Ada M. Briggs, Toronto; Miss Theresa Ruth Simonski, Toronto; Miss Mollie O'Donoghue, Toronto; Miss May Livingstone, Toronto; Miss Della Sparling, Wingham; Miss Alma Rogers, Cedarville, Ontario; Miss Ruby D. Akin, Cornwall; Elocution, Miss Jean Crozier, Ashburn; Miss Eva Fowler, Buffalo; Miss Constance Jackson, Simcoe; Miss Adelaide McClelland, Toronto; Miss Evelyn Ward, Hamilton; Miss Thirza Wolfe, Michigan.

Some curious and ludicrous blunders occurred at a recent performance of

Die Walkure at Covent Garden Theater, London. When the ride of the Valkyries had to be represented, the illusion was managed by a magic lantern, with the singular result that one of the horsemen bearing the body of a warrior to Valhalla was seen apparently riding across the sky upside down. In another scene the sun and moon were observed shining in full effulgence simultaneously. Loud grumblings are making themselves heard about the custom of the management giving the Wagnerian operas in the dark. As a large number of the ladies who attend go simply to see and be seen, there is danger of the society element disappearing from the Wagner performances. London "Truth" says there is no sense at all in charging extra and extravagantly high prices for opera which, owing to the gloom, cannot be properly witnessed.

Miss Lillian B. Stickle, of Stirling, Ontario, who so successfully passed the recent vocal examination at the Conservatory of Music, securing a diploma, is a pupil of Mrs. A. B. Jury, of Toronto.

The Junction College of Music, that most successful conservatory under the direction of Miss V. A. Macmillan, recently held examinations in the piano department, the examiner being Mr. J. D. A. Tripp. None of the candidates took a lower standing than second class honors. The following is the list: First class honors, Misses Davis, Butcher and McEnaney; second class honors, Misses Edgar and Kendall (equal), Misses Clarkson and Moran.

This season's closing recital by the Metropolitan School of Music took place last Thursday evening at West Association Hall, held in the presence of a large audience. A long programme of interesting but strictly orthodox selections was given by: The Misses M. Dean, M. Jack, N. Stanners, E. Acton, S. Shields, C. Brown, M. Wooley, H. Singer, M. Tomlinson, A. M. Helmer, M. Corcoran and G. Pickard, pianists; Mr. E. Mehan, the Misses F. Bower, B. Mitchell, and B. Rogers, vocalists; Miss E. L. Duff, reader, and Miss N. H. Wamsley, violinist. The teachers represented by pupils were: Mrs. Elizabeth Sijous, the Misses A. J. Proctor, Abbie M. Helmer, Ethel K. Martin, Lillian Burns, Millicent Evison, C. M. Telford, Messrs. Salous, W. E. Archibald, W. O. F. Fisher, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, and Peter G. Kennedy; the latter two acted as accompanists.

Mr. Thomas Crawford, M. P. P., president of the Metropolitan School of Music, made a brief speech, touching on the excellent work and progress made by the institution during the season now closed. The attendance of pupils, he said, had greatly increased, so much so, in fact, that the premises now occupied were overcrowded, and a new building, to be specially erected for the work of the school, was becoming a pressing necessity. He made the presentation of certificates and diplomas to a large number of pupils who had been successful in the recent examinations. Among the special awards were the following: To Miss Ethel Mountain and Miss Annie J. Proctor, silver medals, contributed by Messrs. A. A. Bartholmes & Co., Toronto. The Mason & Risch annual scholarship in musical theory study was awarded to Miss May Tomlinson. Miss Helen Watkins won the "Gerhard Heintzman" scholarship, and the "D. W. Kern" gold medal was presented to Miss May Wooley.

This sixth annual closing concert by the Metropolitan School of Music was a demonstration of how admirable are the methods employed throughout the institution. It was not a representation of merely "star" teachers to create an impressive effect, and yet, though teachers of nearly all grades were represented, a most favorable impression was created by the very high average of excellence in performance.

It is learned from the Crystal Palace authorities that the Handel festival in London have already attracted 1,143,391 persons. It is somewhat strange that the strongest cast of solo singers in 1865, viz.: Patti, Parepa-Ross, Rudersdorf, Sherrington, Sain-ton-Doby, Cummings, Weiss and Santley, resulted in the smallest attendance of all, 24,434; while in 1883, when Sir Michael Costa was ill, and his place was taken by Mr. Manns, and there was a much more modest cast, the attendance reached the record total of 87,784. One makes the inference that the solo singers are less an attraction than the colossal choruses of nearly 3,000 vocalists, the majority of whom amateurs, but with picked singers from about forty towns in the United Kingdom. "Superior persons," writes a London critic, "will no doubt sneer at the big battalions, but the public know how vastly improved in majesty and breadth are Handel's mighty choruses as rendered by so vast a vocal force." To which I might add that nothing less than a large chorus would be heard to advantage in so spacious a concert room as that of the Crystal Palace.

Writing in the "Musical Courier," Miss Florence d'Arona says: "Aside from slang, the vowel sounds, as most Americans pronounce them, are actual caricatures in the clarity. We rarely hear a pure vowel, and the consonants are pronounced with the thick part of the tongue, while the lips are left in idleness to get stiff and unnatural. Many people speak with the jaw jerking up and down with each word, like a nut cracker, and even swing it sideways like a horse; others, notably in Chicago, open their mouths so wide with each word that one can almost see the uvula, if not quite. Such horrible mannerisms are as bad—and worse—even for our intellectual people—as the dialects, and become in time habits, which, when it comes to study singing, become almost impossible to eradicate."

It is rumored in London that the next opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan will

be upon an Irish story. His latest opera, The Rose of Persia, has already had a most satisfactory success in London.

CHERUBINO.

Li Hung Chang.

The position Li Hung Chang has taken toward the Chinese Reform Party would be interesting information for those who remember General Grant's declaration that Li Hung Chang was not only the greatest Chinaman, but the greatest statesman alive, and for those who have seen the little memorial tree and bronze tablet placed by the astute Celestial at Grant's tomb at Riverside, New York. In the light of a recent open letter by a reformer it seems that Li Hung Chang has by no means been consistent in his attitude toward this movement. Leung Chi-tso, one of the leading reformers, for whose head the Empress Dowager has offered a reward of \$65,000, states that Li Hung Chang was assisting him in the work of reform only a year and a half ago, and sent a message promising him support. Leung Chi-tso says that after he had escaped from Peking to Yokohama a message from Li Hung Chang was brought to him by Marquis Ito. This message reads:

"Look upon your exile as an opportunity to study the customs of the West, in preparation for the glorious career of service to your country that awaits you when China calls back the sons she is now sending to ignominious exile."

Since this time, says "Ainslie's Magazine," Li Hung Chang has become allied with the Empress Dowager, and her opposition to the reformers, and it was he who, by order of the Empress, offered the reward for Leung Chi-tso's head.

Why Joaquin Miller Took to Farming.

Mr. Joaquin Miller, the California poet, has a flourishing fruit farm which is his present fad. It has taken the place of the house in the tree. The new directory of San Francisco registers him as "Joaquin Miller, fruit farmer." When his friends twitted him about it he answered that, according to a girl in Chicago, he supposed he should write poetry, but farming was his passion. Mr. Miller explained, with a twinkle in his eye, that when he was being entertained in Chicago he was attracted by an exceedingly pretty girl about eighteen years old. "I insisted upon knowing her," said Mr. Miller, "and tried to make her feel that I was as young as the rest of them by taking her out on the moonlit piazza and quoting poetry to her. At the end of my verses she looked up at the old man beside her with a pretty show of interest, and said: 'Dear Mr. Miller, you certainly should write poetry. You say such sweet things!'"

"I wouldn't like to be on one of those expeditions to the North Pole, would you?"

"No; I prefer the South Pole."

"Huh! What's the difference between the two?"

"All the difference in the world."—Philadelphia "Press."

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My Friend.
Hunger that ached and famine that
craved;
Courage the face of the foe that braved;
Sorrow that fainted, and shame that
blushed;
Silence the bitter complaint that hushed—
What do they matter? The world goes by.
We still have each other, my friend and I.
We yet have each other, on sea or shore.
Can mortal desire a joy the more?
—Margaret E. Sangster.

Free Lunch.
The long-haired poet has a scheme;
Hunger he no longer feels;
His room is above a restaurant
And now he inhales his meals.
—Chicago "News."

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situated sixty miles north of Gravenhurst,
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and opens up another and entirely new region
to steamboat navigation, to the tourist,
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comparatively little trouble to a district which
has hitherto been accessible only to those with
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The very heart center for sport, rod and
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while the eye is fascinated by the fresh and
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is an art product of Canadian skill and enterprise, designed to meet the demand of the musically cultured for an instrument of the highest musical and mechanical excellence.

No instrument ever received a higher tribute than that bestowed upon the MASON & RISCH Piano by the late lamented master—Dr. Franz Liszt—as the following extract from his letter to The Mason & Risch Company evidences:

"The Mason & Risch Grand Piano you forwarded me is excellent, magnificent, unequalled. Artists, judges, and the public, will certainly be of the same opinion."

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When you begin packing—then you realize how much you have that you don't want—and how little of what you do want. We're in the market to fill wants in the clothing line. If you can't call, write; if you can't write, telephone. These items may suggest your needs for the holidays:

Bicycle or Golf Suits, 4.00 to 8.00.
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Unlined Serge Coats and Vests, 5.00.
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Boys' Blazer Coats with cord edge, 1.50.
Boys' Military Khaki Suits, with cap, 2.50.
Washing Blouses, 50c. to 1.50.
Washing Suits, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50.
Star Shirt Waists, 1.00.
Boys' Thin Coats, 50c. to 1.00.

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—its beauty will appeal to you.

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HARDRESSING.

ONLY ONE CAN STOP HAIR
Falling in four days; all scalp troubles cured; ladies' hair out shampooed, fifty cents. Hair bought and exchanged. TON, from Green's, 349 Yonge Street.

Social and Personal.

Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Trotter and family have moved to their summer cottage, Birch Avenue, Balm Beach.

Mr. Herbert Luke is enjoying a vacation trip on the Richelieu, and Ontario Navigation boats from Toronto to H. H. Bay, remaining a few days at Tadoussac. Mrs. Luke is accompanying him.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Manning, who were spending a few days in the city, returned to Peterboro' on Tuesday evening.

Miss M. A. Labatt is spending her holidays with relatives at Penetanguishene.

Mr. Harry M. Field, so well known in Leipzig as a pianist, is spending his summer at his old home, 105 Gloucester Street.

Mr. R. J. Holdge of Toronto, Miss Eva J. Gorton of St. Catharines, Mr. William Brokenshire, Mr. J. W. Blair, Miss Louise Skeates of Toronto, Mr. H. H. Clark of Lafayette, Pa., Mr. E. Wilson of Dundas, Mrs. W. F. Rutley and family, Mr. and Mrs. G. Mills of Toronto, Mr. J. P. Rice of Blenheim, Mr. J. Wesley Stouffer of Toronto, Mr. George L. Kent, Mr. W. E. Galloway of Hamilton, Mr. Henry Henderson of Norwich, Mrs. R. M. Orchard, Mrs. T. Mason of Toronto, Mr. S. Grigg of London, Mrs. Carrie Rush of Humber Bay, are registered at Grimsby Park.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Brennan of Hamilton, Mr. Joseph Kent, Mr. Frank B. Coombs, Mr. C. A. Dobson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Grafton of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Grafton of Rochester, J. A. Dickson, M.D., of Hamilton, Capt. and Mrs. J. J. Phelps, Miss Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Ira H. Woolson, Mr. Kier Mitchell of Hackensack, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. Rechab Tandy, Miss Tandy, Miss Maud Snarr, Miss Maud Bryce, Miss F. Hancock Matthews, of Toronto, Miss Anna E. Rankin of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. C. Le Roy Kenney of Toronto, Mr. Harold Moon, Miss Mabel Moon of Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. G. McGregor of Hamilton, Mr. Charles A. Love of Welland, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Davis of Toronto, Mrs. J. A. Dickson of Hamilton, Miss Grafton, Miss Dell Grafton, Messrs. Stewart Grafton and James J. Grafton of Dundas, Mrs. and Miss Brennan of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Bull of Toronto are registered at Grimsby Park hotels.

Mr. and Mrs. Witzel of Brunswick Avenue and Mrs. Emil Boeckh, Prince Arthur Avenue, have just returned from Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe, where they spent a week, being guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adamson, Robinson's Hotel.

Messrs. Ernest Shipman and Fred Shipman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shipman, Mrs. Shipman, sr., and Miss Effie Hext will spend the summer in Muskoka. By the way, Miss Hext has been engaged by the Clayton (New York) Stock Company to play leading roles in support of John Arthur, the English actor, in Shakespearean drama next season.

Miss Nina Kirk has returned from a pleasant three months' visit to Galt and other Western cities. She is accompanied by her charming friend, Miss Evelyn Graham of Galt.

A friend from St. Mary's writes: Miss Evelyn Graham of Galt and her friend, Miss Kirk of Toronto, have



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Tan, windburn, sun-patches, freckles, and all discolored skin completely eradicated and a clear, pure, velvety complexion assured by using

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A sure cure for Eczema, Itch Poisoning, Blackheads, Pimples, etc. Price \$1.50, express paid. Superficial hair on chin, cheeks, lip, between the brows, growing too low on forehead or neck, also Moles, Warts, etc., permanently destroyed by Electrolysis. A cure guaranteed. Send stamp or call for book "Health and Good Looks." Consultation free.

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On Kingston road, between Whitby and Oshawa, 190 acres good farming land, well underdrained, particularly adapted for stock farming, plenty of living water, good fences, to acres of orchard. Large solid brick house, fifteen rooms, all modern improvements. Bath, hot and cold water, furnace, etc. Large stone cellar, cement floors, in three compartments. Beautiful grounds, fine maple and other shade trees. Good carriage house. Trolley line expected by the house. Also a good brick cottage for tenant. Plenty of outbuildings. Full particulars and photo of house and grounds on application.

H. W. WILLCOX,
Whitby.

CHIPPewa, CORONA, CHICORA
5 TRIPS DAILY (except Sunday)
Steamers leave Yonge Street Dock, east side, at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4 p.m., connecting with the New York Central & Hudson River R.R., Niagara Falls, Port & River R.R., Niagara Falls R.R., and Michigan Central R.R.
Passengers leaving by 4:45 boat can connect at Niagara with late boat, arriving in Toronto about 10:15 p.m.
JOHN FOY, Manager.

been visiting friends in town. Mrs. James Clark gave a delightful afternoon tea and dance on Wednesday, June 27th, at her beautiful home, "The Pines." Mrs. Clark received in a handsome gown of black grenadine over black taffeta, assisted by her daughter, Miss Mabel. Among those noticed were: Mrs. Harstone, Miss Andrews, the Misses Leslie, Miss Kirk (Toronto), the Misses Graham (Galt), Miss Thompson, Dr. Fraleigh, Messrs. Knowles, Monierle, Bastedo, Thomson and many others.

Speaking of Henry Miller's company now playing Miss Hobbs in San Francisco, "Town Talk" thus gracefully mentions our own Miss Anglin: "Then among the women we have Miss Margaret Anglin, who, as a leading woman, is simply exquisite by reason of the refinement and pure artistic atmosphere with which she surrounds all her characters."

Mrs. George Evans (nee Howell), of 211 Crawford Street, will hold her post-natal receptions at the above address on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 10th and 11th, and will afterwards receive on the first and third Fridays.

Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson sailed from Cape Town for England on Wednesday, en route for Canada. Lieut. E. R. Street has arrived home from India on leave and is with his parents, Justice and Mrs. Street, Walmer Road. Mr. Jack Cawthra is spending his vacation at Gulesley House. He is a Cambridge student. The Storks have visited Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham and left them a fine little boy baby. Uncle Finmore received congratulations over the phone on his new dignity, and accepted them with great good nature.

Last Monday evening's dance at the Yacht Club Island House was almost a record breaker. The coolness of the evening, after a lovely day, tempted about a score of guests over to dine, and the young people came in crowds by the half-past eight and nine o'clock boats. Everyone seemed unusually smart; some lovely white gowns were worn, and the average of pretty girls was so large that chance Dominion Day visitors have gone away to the South with determination marked on every feature to make Toronto their holiday home. The stewards served a buffet with tea and coffee, cakes and other dainties all the evening downstairs. The music was excellent, and although rather crowded the dance was most enjoyable. There is always a playful and healthy rivalry between the Island Aquatic Association and the Yacht Club in regard to their summer dances. Each has its best foot foremost this season. On Monday next we shall, I hope, have a repetition of the great success of the first band concert on the R. C. Y. C. lawn. This time the Queen's Own Band will furnish the music. By the way, I hear that the dinner hour is to be advanced a bit on dance nights, and dinner will be served at six-twenty instead of seven, that the rooms may be cleared in time for the dancers without hurrying the diners.

Mrs. Evans of Spadina Avenue, leaves on the 11th to take the s.s. Lake Superior for England, with her daughter, Miss Winifred, who goes to complete her education. They will be abroad at least a year.

Mrs. Albert A. Macdonald, Miss Helen Macdonald, Miss Helen Cattannach, Miss Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, are at Dr. Macdonald's summer place, De Grassi Point, Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. William Laidlaw and Miss Marion Laidlaw returned from England last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boswell, Mrs. O'Reilly and Mr. Breddy O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming are among those who will spend the holidays on Georgian Bay.

Mrs. James Thorburn, Jr., and her little one went down for their summer holiday to the Toronto, on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mr. R. S. and Miss Aileen Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald, Rev. Mr. Best and Mrs. Best and their family, also went away by the Toronto. Mrs. Humphrey has gone to her cottage in the Algonquias, leaving Thursday by the Toronto.

Heydon Shore Park, the beautiful lakeside summer resort at Whitby, is getting on famously. The first allotment of lots sold this week for a bonus above the upset price in every instance. A Toronto architect has prepared plans for an odd and very pretty pavilion to be built in time for the formal opening, August 6th, the Civic Holiday both of Whitby and Toronto. The occasion is to be celebrated by a grand reunion of Ontario County Old Boys. Mr. M. C. Dickson, the Grand Trunk district passenger agent, visited the Park and town on Tuesday. He was delighted with the prospect, and proposes the establishment there of the finest summer hotel yet projected in Ontario for the entertainment of visitors from the South.

Miss Scott and three other deaconesses of the Methodist Church in Toronto, took their first detachment of children to Whitby this week. Mr. John Smith, a wealthy farmer on the lake shore, west of the harbor, has given a house, and citizens of Toronto and Whitby have furnished it, and will supply food and clothing to the children during the summer. This first detachment is twenty-five interesting little girls. Each detachment of this fresh-air-for-children movement will remain two weeks and alternate between boys and girls.

Mr. McGillivray Knowles and Mrs. Knowles, with a party of ambitious art students, are studying the beauties of nature about Whitby in a summer course at the Ontario Ladies' College. This is the first time Trafalgar Castle has opened its old-time hospitable

25% Summer Discount 25% IN Photographs

As nearly all our regular patrons are now at the seaside and other watering resorts, and as we desire to keep our staff busy during the usual dull months, we have decided for the first time in the history of our business to make a reduction in our usual prices.

This will be a discount of 25%, and will be operative only from this date until September 10th. Every member of our staff, from the hair-dresser to the finisher, is a specialist in his department, and the reduction in prices now announced places at the disposal of patrons of our studio the services of this highly trained staff in the production of the finest products of the camera at prices usually charged for very inferior work. This has been our most successful year and we wish to maintain the increase during the summer months.

FREDERICK LYONDE

PHOTOGRAPHER

101 King Street West

Aphorisms from

"The Redemption of David Corson,"

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS.

"To every man language is a kind of fossil poetry, until experience makes those dry bones live! Words are mere faded metaphors, pressed like dried flowers in old and musty volumes, until a blow upon our heads, a pang in our hearts, a strain on our nerves, the whisper of a maid, the voice of a little child, turns them into living blossoms of odorous beauty."

"The plowshare was buried deep in the rich, alluvial soil, and a ribbon of earth rolled from its blade like a petrified sea billow, crested with a cluster of daisies white as the foam of a wave."

"He is a poor sexton—this old man, the Past. I have watched him at his work, and he is powerless to dig his own grave, however many others he may have excavated."

"After all, experience is the only exhaustive dictionary, and the definitions it contains are the only ones which really burn themselves into the mind or fully interpret the significances of life."

"Even love may not be followed with closed eyes."

"If conscience can be eliminated, man has nothing to brag of over a tadpole."

"If the nerves are diseased, a flute can rasp them as terribly as a file."

"A man is something more than the mere chemical product of his ancestor's blood and brains."

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,
Toronto.

Ladies, be Beautiful!



MADAME LA BELL

(PREMIER)

111-113 King Street West

The great complexion Specialist guarantees to remove without pain or the slightest injury to the skin all freckles, wrinkles, lines, superfluous hair and other face blemishes, restoring and maintaining the graces of youth to all ladies; not merely covering, but absolutely removing, and permanently restoring a fresh, beautiful complexion. Giving free instruction to ladies how to retain their beauty of youth when passing through middle life.

Face and body massage by the latest scientific method. Also treats the scalp, curing Dandruff, making the hair grow long and beautiful. Chiropody and Manicuring.

Office Hours 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Ladies out of town are requested to communicate, and advice will be given.

doors in summer since it became a college.

The weekly dances given by the Island Aquatic Association in their hall at Center Island, began with a large and successful function on Friday (June 29). The young people were out in great force, and the promoters of the affair carried it out most perfectly. In fact, as soon as the announcement of the first dance is made these gentlemen find themselves overwhelmed with applications for tickets. Dancing seems the one pleasure our young folks never tire of.

Other Men, Other Methods.

The corralling and capture in a mine of some hundreds of Boers, who had there taken refuge, was one of the picturesque incidents connected with the taking of Johannesburg by the British. Happily it was effected without tragedy on either side, in that respect differing much from the conquest of a Kafir tribe which the Boers once thus cornered in a cavern. On that occasion the Boers simply piled a great mass of wood over the entrance to the cave and set it afire. When, a day or two later, the fire had burned itself out, there was nothing living left to come out of the cave—New York "Tribune."

Wedding Cakes

Perfect in quality—artistic in appearance—sent anywhere.

Our catering for weddings, or any other entertainments, always gives entire satisfaction.

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High-Class Confectioners.

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Niagara-on-the-Lake.
Ten miles below Niagara Falls on Lake Ontario.
GOLF—Picturesque nine and eighteen-hole links. TENNIS—Finest turf courts in America. WHEELING AND RIDING—Picturesque roads and cedar paths. BLACK BASS FISHING, BEACH BATHING. RATES REASONABLE. Rooms on suite and with bath.

GEORGIAN BAY'S FAVORITE SUMMER HOTELS

The Belvidere

Parry Sound, the most beautifully situated Hotel in the north.

The Sans Souci

Moon River, P.O., considered the best fishing ground on the Bay. Write for Booklet.

James K. Paisley,
PROPRIETOR HOTEL,
Toronto, Canada.

An Ideal Summer Resort

The Hotel Brant, Burlington, Ont.

Erected this year at a cost of \$100,000, will positively open July 2, 1900. Public and private bath-rooms, roof-garden, high class vaudeville entertainments nightly, orchestra afternoon and evening concert. Rates, daily, \$2.00 up-ward, weekly, single, \$10 to \$21, double, \$18 to \$30. Descriptive booklet on application.
WACHENHUSEN & BOGGS,
Proprietors.

Grimsby Park

Canada's Greatest
Summer Resort...

SUNDAY, JULY 8th—

Rev. S. S. Craig and Song Service under the direction of Mr. Rechab Tandy.

JULY 9th and 10th—

Opening of Elocution Class, Business College and Fletcher Music Method Class.

JULY 11th—

Athletic Contest and Games, and at 8 p.m. a Special Programme for the Young People's Evening.

SATURDAY, JULY 14th—

Grand Band Concert.

SUNDAY, JULY 15th—

Miss Evangeline Booth, Commissioner Salvation Army.

H. B. ANDREWS, Manager.

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watch it cooking. Call or send for booklet. Tel. 8880. Agents wanted. The Automatic Steam Cooker Co., Limited, 108 King St. West, Toronto

Lake Ontario Navigation Co., LIMITED.

NEW FAST STEAMER

Argyle

IN EFFECT JUNE 23, 1900

Leaves Giddes Wharf (West Side Yonge St.) every Wednesday and Saturday at 10:45 a.m.

For Rochester, all Bay of Quinte Ports, Kingston, Gananoque, and Thousand Islands Points.

Special Excursion every Monday, leaving Toronto at 9 p.m., to Rochester and return.

For tickets, folders and information apply to all C.P.R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on Wharf.

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AMERICA'S GREATEST SCENIC LINE

"Niagara to the Sea."

Magnificent and specially adapted steamers, leaving Toronto daily (except Sunday) calling at Rochester, Kingston, Clayton, Gananoque, and way ports, passing through the beautiful scenery of the

1000 ISLANDS

(The American Venice), and shooting all the rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where connection is made with the principal steamers for quiet old Quebec, Murray Bay and the wonderful Saguenay River.

Commodious iron steamers "Hamilton" and "Algerian," constituting a semi-weekly service between Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal, passing through Bay of Quinte district.

Hôtels—

"Manoir Richelieu," at Murray Bay, Que.

"Tadoussac," at Tadoussac, P.Q.

For information write to—

J. F. DOLAN,

2 King St. East, Toronto,

or THOMAS JENNY,

Traffic Manager,

Montreal, P.Q.

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Such as wills, legal and insurance papers should be placed in a positively secure and convenient place. Our safe deposit vaults are positively fire proof and burglar proof. Private boxes to rent (for any length of time) at a small sum.

Inspection invited.

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T. P. COFFEE, Manager.

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DRINKING GLASSES
IN CORK-LINED PIGSKIN CASE
\$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00.

WE DELIVER ALL GOODS CHARGES PAID IN ONTARIO

Everything that you may need when traveling or is necessary to your comfort we can supply you with.

Ordering by Mail gives you complete satisfaction.

FLASKS
50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00.

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NORDHEIMER

If you want a distinctly Artistic Piano, possessing rare singing quality and a delightful touch, you will purchase an improved Nordheimer Piano.

The extra you pay for a Nordheimer Piano is nothing compared to the extra value in tone and durability you receive over other Canadian Pianos.

The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited, 15 King Street East.

N. B.—May we not exchange your old piano? Liberal allowance given.

PIANOS

Sure Cure for Insomnia.

IN this strenuous age so many people are troubled with sleeplessness that the lady's hum journal, ever on the alert to supply the public with remedies for every real or fancied ill, turns its attention from heart to heart talks on pillow slips and pie crust long enough to remark:

"To cure insomnia, take these exercises in bed just after retiring, one after another, until you fall asleep. Lie flat upon the back. Remove the pillow if the bed is level. Practice each exercise slowly."

The foregoing rules and those that follow are not guaranteed to cure unless implicitly obeyed. For instance, people accustomed to lying in semi-circular positions on their backs will have to change to flat. If the bed is level remove the pillow, but if there are large and mountainous lumps in the bed the pillow may be retained. The aim is to be as uncomfortable as possible, because if any degree of comfort was permitted the rules might not avail to prevent somnolence. The other few and simple directions are given in their order. Here they are: Raise the head and lower it fifty times.

Grasp the large shoulder muscle (right) with the left hand. Swell and relax it fifty times.

Same for left shoulder muscle fifty times.

Grasp the large muscle (biceps) on front of upper arm (right). Swell and relax it fifty times.

Same for left arm, fifty times.

Grasp the forearm muscles (right) with left hand. Open and close hand forcibly fifty times.

Same with left arm, fifty times.

Grasp the large flat muscle (right side of chest). Swell and relax it fifty times.

Same for left side, fifty times.

Grasp the large under-thigh muscle (right). Swell and relax it fifty times.

Same for left thigh, fifty times.

Grasp the large upper-thigh muscle (right). Swell and relax it fifty times.

Same for left thigh, fifty times.

Note.—The last two may be taken without the grasping; just contracting and relaxing at will.

Exercise calf muscles (right) by extending ball of foot, then heel (ankle movement), fifty times.

Same with left calf, fifty times. Do not raise the leg.

Stretch the big toe (right) back and

forth, fifty times.

Same way with left big toe.

If by this time sleep has not yet come to you, place yourself in your favorite position, and raise your right thumb easily and relax it fifty times; then the same with each finger; then the thumb and fingers of the left hand, fifty times.

While practising these 550 motions the hum journal says you cannot worry over any business or other cares. As if a man bobbing his head like a crazy mandarin, groping wildly after his large shoulder muscles, trying to locate the triceps on the back of his upper arm, getting a grip on his forearm muscles, searching for the flat muscles on his chest, grabbing under thigh and upper thigh muscles, standing on his head to exercise his calf muscles, crooking his big toes, stretching his fingers and playing thumbs up, would have much time to worry about business.

The hum journal says these few short exercises are excellent to draw the blood from the overworked brain. And they'd be pretty fair for drawing the breath from the overworked heart.

Mr. Bok will wake up some fine morning to find himself famous and his celebrated insomnia cure doing the work the fool killer has so long neglected.

The hum journal says these few short exercises are excellent to draw the blood from the overworked brain. And they'd be pretty fair for drawing the breath from the overworked heart.

Mr. Bok will wake up some fine morning to find himself famous and his celebrated insomnia cure doing the work the fool killer has so long neglected.

The directions are so plain and explicit a child can follow them and if persisted in they will without doubt produce sleep, the deep, sweet sleep, that the noisy alarm clock can never disturb.—Toledo "Bee."

Scorned Superstitions.

There died recently at Gravesend, England, Mr. William Harnett Blanch, assessor, journalist, wit, and founder of the "London Thirteen Club."

His very birth had something odd about it, for he came into this world while "crossing the line," and was at once taken in hand by Neptune, who boarded the ship and went gravely through the formalities familiar to those who have crossed the equator.

For years he wrote for the South London "Press," and other papers, but the gaiety of nations was the foundation of the Thirteen Club, in which he led a gay crusade against superstition in all its forms.

At a famous dinner of the club in 1894 his disciples sat at thirteen tables, and there were thirteen guests at each table. They had a big mirror at the entrance, and dinner was announced by the smashing thereof. They defied another superstition by

Harry—I always pretend to be asleep in a street car, and then, of course, I can't be expected to get up and give

forth, fifty times.

Same way with left big toe.

If by this time sleep has not yet come to you, place yourself in your favorite position, and raise your right thumb easily and relax it fifty times; then the same with each finger; then the thumb and fingers of the left hand, fifty times.

While practising these 550 motions the hum journal says you cannot worry over any business or other cares. As if a man bobbing his head like a crazy mandarin, groping wildly after his large shoulder muscles, trying to locate the triceps on the back of his upper arm, getting a grip on his forearm muscles, searching for the flat muscles on his chest, grabbing under thigh and upper thigh muscles, standing on his head to exercise his calf muscles, crooking his big toes, stretching his fingers and playing thumbs up, would have much time to worry about business.

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Bargain Piano

A handsome upright Warmwith piano, a well-known Canadian piano, in a handsome case and well finished, will give good satisfaction, regular price \$350, special \$275.

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117 King St. West
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The Reign of Law

A tale of the Kentucky hemp fields. By **James Lane Allen**

Author of "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

The first American Edition of
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PAPER - - - 75 cents
CLOTH - - - \$1.25

At all bookstores, or sent post-paid by
The Copp, Clark Co., Limited
PUBLISHERS TORONTO

having cross-eyed waiters; the speeches lasted thirteen minutes; they had peacocks' feathers on the table; they wore bright green neckties (on G. A. Sala's suggestion) as a protest against the conventional white; they approached the tables by walking under a ladder, and they split the salt to show that they didn't care.

Mr. Harry Furniss, who presided on that memorable occasion, said: "We defy the evil eye, we do not fear the black cat, and we respect not the baker's dozen—thirteen."

The Thirteen Club is now extinct, and its founder has been laid to rest in Forest-hill Cemetery.

Finis.

Writ on a ruined palace in Kashmir: "The end is nothing, and the end is near."

Where are the voices kings were glad to hear?
Where now the feast, the song, the bayadere?
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

And yonder lovely rose; alas! my dear!
See the November garden, rank and drear!
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

See! how the rain-drop mingles with the mere.
Mark! how the age devours each passing year!
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Forms rise and grow and wane and disappear.
The life allotted thee is now and here;
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

The death shroud waits thee, and the dark-palmed bier,
Alas! twining eyes and bosom tender, dear!
The tolling bell, the dropping earth I hear;
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Then vex thyself no more with thought austere;
Take what thou canst while thou abidest here.
Seek finer pleasures each returning year;
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Bind not thyself too much to earthly gear,
But eat the bread of life and take good cheer,
And drink the wine of life and have no fear;
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Joy is the Lord, and Love His chariot;
Be tranquil and rejoicing; oh, my dear!
Shun the wild seas, far from the breakers' roar;
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Ah! banish hope and doubt, regret and fear,
Check the gay laugh, but dry the idle tear.
Search! is the light within thee burning clear?
The end is vision, and the end is near.

List to the wisdom learned of saint and seer!
The living Lord is joy, and peace His sphere;
Rebel no more! throw down thy shield and spear,
Surrender all thyself; true life is here!
The end is vision, and the end is near.

Forget not this, forget not that, my dear!
'Tis all and nothing, and the end is near.
—"Pall Mall Budget."

Awful.

Harry—I always pretend to be asleep in a street car, and then, of course, I can't be expected to get up and give

The Cope, Clark Co., Limited
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Summer Comfortables for Men.

Weavers are getting more and more to study men's summer comfort in the texture of the fabrics produced, and it was a happy idea when one of them carried into effect the flannel weaves in fabric weight, colors and designs that gentlemen could not only wear such in negligé garments, but gives them that dressy, gentlemanly finish that permits them entering the precincts of the country house, and what could be cooler and lighter than a neat flannel suit in an almost invisible stripe or a mixture, and leave it to man's own taste whether he has it unlined or lined with a serviceable pongee silk? Henry A. Taylor, Draper, the Rossin Block, is showing a very large range of these imported suiting fabrics.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Johnson—June 23, Mrs. A. W. Johnson, a daughter.
Philip—July 1, Mrs. E. J. Philip, a son.
Rowbotham—July 4, Mrs. Rowbotham, 311 Jarvis street, a son.
Nash—June 26, Mrs. Fred Nash, Davisville, a son.
Hazelwood—July 2, Mrs. R. M. Hazelwood, a daughter.
Thompson—June 28, Mrs. Robt. W. Thompson, a daughter.
Cooper—June 23, Mrs. J. T. Cooper, a son.
Walsh—June 23, Mrs. John R. Walsh, a son.
Sandeman—June 5, Mrs. George Sandeman, a daughter.
Meredith—June 26, Mrs. C. H. Meredith, a son.

Marriages.

Allan—Lake—On Thursday, June 28, 1900, at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Fenton, by Rev. Rural Dean Loucks, John H. Allan to Belle Beresford, only daughter of W. H. Lake.
Hill—Price—June 11, Edwin Hill to Rebecca Price of Warwickshire, Eng.
Howard—Maddox—June 27, Fred Buchanan Howard to Florence Maddox.
Magill—Hopkins—June 27, Robt. Magill to Nellie Hopkins.
Matthews—Gray—June 27, Frank Herbert Matthews to Mary Gray.
Niblett—Davidge—June 25, P. H. Niblett to Harriet Davidge.
Tow—Stadon—June 27, Wm. J. Tow to Eleanor Stadon.
Batt—Day—July 2, Charles H. Batt to Margaret (Maggie) Day.
Elliott—Taylor—June 30, Andrew Elliott to Lillian Annette Taylor.
Cook—Proctor—May 28, H. G. Cook to Hattie M. Proctor.
Short—Philip—June 27, William Bailey Short to Eda J. Cowie Philip.
Farrell—MacGillivray—June 28, James M. Farrell to Leonora Eliza MacGillivray.
Dickie—McDonald—June 27, Rev. Robert W. Dickie to Agnes Alexina McDonald.
Johnson—Blong—June 27, Walter Merriam Johnson to Margaret Blong.
Wishart—Lester—June 28, Robert Wishart to Maria A. Lester.
Godwin—Kilvan—June 28, Fred T. Godwin to Alice J. Kilvan.
Turbayne—Strong—July 3, Charles Leam-

Somatose

A TASTELESS ODORLESS NUTRIENT MEAT POWDER

It contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easily soluble form. It has been extensively employed and found to be of the greatest service in Consumption and diseases of the stomach. It is of great value in convalescence from all diseases.

DOMINION DYEWOOD & CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.
Sole Agency and depot in Canada for all BAYER'S Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale only)

HARDY ROSES

A fine assortment of the best and hardiest varieties, such as we know will stand our Canadian winters. Fine strong 3-year-old plants, 30c each; \$3.00 per doz.

BOSTON IVY Fine well grown stock in strong 3-year-old plants at 50c each; 2-year-old, 25c each.

SHRUBS, GRAPE VINES, CLEMATIS, Etc.

SWEET PEAS Our best mixture is composed of the newest and very best of the large flowering varieties in cultivation. Price per lb., \$1; ¼ lb., 30c; oz., 15c.

NASTURTIUMS Our Rainbow Mixture is superb, and is bound to give satisfaction—per oz., 25c.

Sow Queen City Lawn Grass It's cheaper and better than sodding, and if sown now will soon make a fine green sward. Per lb., 25c; large pkt., 10c.

The STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited
GREENHOUSES: 1514 Queen St. East
RETAIL STORE: 130 and 132 King St. East

Preserving! Baking! Ironing!

Think of all the Hot work ahead.

—BETTER BUY AN—

OXFORD GAS RANGE

And enjoy genuine comfort all summer long—as well as a saving in expense.

Oxford burners are special ones—they circulate air with the gas and provide very powerful heat at less cost than any other fuel could do—that accounts for their splendid popularity.

Better see the many sizes and styles at once—hot days are already here. They're all most moderately priced, and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

GURNEY OXFORD STOVE AND FURNACE CO., 231 Yonge Street
OXFORD STOVE STORE, 569 Queen Street West
The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

W. H. STONE
UNDERTAKER
Phone 931 543 Yonge street

J. YOUNG
(ALMA, MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. Telephone 679

Deaths.

Fleisher—In Montreal, July 3, at the General Hospital, Victor Hermann Fleisher, aged 36 years and 3 months, eldest son of John and Euphemia Fleisher, 191 First avenue, Toronto.
Cardine—July 4, Mary Agnes Cardine, 66 years.
Murray—July 2, Robert Murray, aged 66 years.
Gracie—June 29, Hugh Hyndman Gracie, aged 23 years 9 months.
Desmond—July 4, George Desmond, aged 47 years.
Hamilton—July 3, Susan Hamilton, formerly of Quebec.
Dupont—June 25, Jane Campbell Maclean Dupont.
Doble—June 29, Amelia Michell Doble, at Richmond, Surrey, England.
Field—June 28, Emma M. J. Field, aged 46 years.
Mullin—June 23, Grace Mullin, granddaughter of the late Peter R. Lamb.
McKay—July 2, Nora Irene McKay, aged 9 years.
Turner—June 28, John Z. Turner, aged 78 years.
Hayes—June 28, Edward Rowley Hayes, aged 41 years.
Morden—Killed at Horning Spruit, South Africa, James Fred Morden of Pincher Creek, Alberta, aged 36 years.
Le Mesurier—July 2, Percival Thornton Le Mesurier, aged 8 years 10 months.
Morton—July 1, Bertha Louise Morton, in his 42nd year.
Gilbert—William Gilbert, in his 28th year.
Calderwood—June 30, Robert Calderwood, aged 74 years 4 months.
Campbell—June 30, Catherine McKarvell Campbell.
Chorley—June 28, Edwin Frederick Chorley, aged 3 years 10 months.
Brown—July 3, at 137 Morse street, Mrs. Brown.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Pier in the Lower Division of the Harbor of Montreal," will be received at this office until Friday the 20th day of July, 1900, for the construction of a high level pier and bulkheads in the Lower Division of the Harbor of Montreal, Que.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Department and at the offices of Henry A. Gray, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto; C. Desjardins, Esq., Clerk of Works, Postoffice Building, Montreal; E. P. Shawen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N.B.; and C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N.S.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and will be complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
JOS. R. ROY,
Acting Secretary.
Department of Public Works of Canada,
Ottawa, June 30th, 1900.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

THE CRADLE, ALTAR AND THE TOMB.

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